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PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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LARRY OF THE LANTERN; OR, THE SMUGGLERS OF THE IRISH COAST. *By BERTON BERTREW.* AND OTHER STORIES



The terrified youth burst through some of the sailors who had attempted to seize him, and then dashed down from the hill on which the station was built. On after him ran the Commander of the cutter and several of the sailors.

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PLUCK AND LUCK

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LARRY OF THE LANTERN

OR, THE SMUGGLERS OF THE IRISH COAST

By **BERTON BERTREW**

CHAPTER I.—Why He Carried a Lantern.

"What are you carrying that lantern for, you ugly young thief?"

"To light my sowl to glory, of course."

"I'll send you to glory fast enough if you come prowling around up here, blast your eyes."

"Is it against the law to come up here on the cliffs to look after the eagle's nest by night, Master William Brown?"

"It isn't the eagle's nest you are looking after, Master Larry Cullnane, on this dark night, when two sails appeared off there in the evening."

The last speaker was a rough-looking man of forty, in the garb of a coast-guard, and his name was Bill Brown. Bill Brown was a coast-guard, and he had charge of a station on the southern coast of Ireland during the last great war between France and England, and which terminated over ninety years ago. The person bearing the lantern was a tall, ugly-looking youth of uncertain age, wearing the loose rough garments common to the fishermen of that time. The rough youth was known as Larry of the Lantern, from the fact that he was often seen prowling along the cliffs at night bearing a lantern, and he pretended that he was hunting for eagle's nests, which were often to be found in season on that wild coast.

Larry was a comical character in his way, and he was somewhat mysterious in his movements. At certain times he would reside in the fishing village close at hand, which was called Clovine, and take an active part in working the yawl of his adopted father, whose name was Tom Cullnane. The old fisherman swore that he had picked the lad up at sea on a certain stormy night, and when the boy was scarcely able to walk, while Larry himself believed that he was really the fisherman's own son. When a little over thirteen years of age the fisherboy ran away from his home and went to sea. Some five years after he returned to Clovine again, about as poor as when he left, to all appearance, but he was a tall, strapping fellow, and he could handle an oar or a blackthorn stick with the best in the village.

The youth remained in Clovine for a month or so, and then off with him again, to return in a

week or two after. The wandering youth had but one confidant in the village, as far as was known. That confidant was an ugly-looking customer of fifty called Paddy Donovan, who was better known as Paddy the Pirate by his friends. Paddy the Pirate had piercing black eyes, a large hooked nose and a ferocious beard, yet he was as mild as a mouse, save on very rare occasions. The old pirate, strange to say, had a young daughter of eighteen, whose hair was as red as her father's was black, and who was as fiery in temper as any buccaneer of the Spanish Main could be.

The girl's name was Fanny, and she was so called to her face, but she was known as Fiery Fanny by her neighbors. She was a bold, sharp-tongued, muscular, ugly creature, and it was said that the bravest man in the village would not dare offend her. It was also said that she hated Larry of the Lantern, and that she scolded her father in a fearful manner for keeping company with the roaming youth. Paddy the Pirate did not seem to heed his daughter, however, as he was often seen with Larry, and more especially when that youth went out in search of nests on the high cliffs. When Larry Cullnane had spent about a year and a half in making trips to and from the village some of his neighbors began to suspect that he was engaged in business that was more profitable than peaceful.

One hinted that he was an agent of the French government, and connected with a famous privateer in the service of that nation, which often hovered around the Irish coast to attack English merchantmen. Others suspected that he was a smuggler, and that he was on the lookout for safe refuge in the neighborhood. The coast-guards soon had their eyes on Larry of the Lantern, and Bill Brown swore that he would nab the ugly shaughraun during his first venture on that coast. The coast-guard had followed Larry from the village that night, and he had suddenly pounced on the youth as the latter was swinging the lantern to and fro while marching along the high cliff.

Those cliffs were over two miles in extent, and their tops were fully two hundred feet above the sea at some points. As the coast-guard addressed Larry the latter placed the lantern on a high

point in such a manner as to flash the light therefrom out across the dark water. The lad then drew a coil of rope from around his body and addressed the coast-guard saying:

"I discovered the nest to-day as we were pulling along in the yawl out there, and if you like to help me I'll go halves with you on the young bids."

"And wouldn't you go halves with me on some of that fine tobacco you bring to your father?"

"There's a piece I got from an old sailor the last time I was in Waterford, and I can tell you it is the best I ever smoked."

"And I'll wager my life it never paid duty to the king."

"I can't say anything about that, and it isn't manners to look a gift horse in the mouth, but if you will hold the rope back there for me I'll give you another piece to-morrow and welcome, providing I take the young birds now."

"You are a venturesome fellow to go down there after the young birds, but you are not taking the lantern with you?"

"How could I see the nest if I didn't," answered Larry, as he swung the lantern around his neck by means of a chain, and then commenced to lower himself over the dangerous cliff.

"The shaughraun is a bold rascal, but I don't think he is giving any signals to-night."

The bold youth was holding on to the rope with one hand, and waving the signal with the other, as he said to himself:

"I'll humbug Bully Brown nicely to-night, and Merry Molly will get safely in, in spite of him."

Having waved the signal several times, Larry lowered himself still more, until he reached a jutting rock. A wild, piercing cry then burst out over the water, followed by the flapping of wings, and then up over the cliff flew a large bird, while the coast-guard cried:

"On my oath, but the bold shaughraun is after the eagle's nest."

Larry's voice was then heard from below shouting:

"Draw on the rope now, Bill Brown, but don't pull too hard, or the rocks will cut it."

The coast-guard was trembling with apprehension as he pulled on the rope, while he kept muttering aloud:

"To think of the wild villain risking his life in that way for the sake of the young birds. Bad cess to me if he isn't daring enough to be a smuggler, or a pirate for that matter."

Larry was soon on the top of the cliff again with the lantern swinging from his neck, and holding a small eagle in his right hand as he cried:

"There was only one big enough to take from the nest, but I'll be after the others in a week or so."

Larry then stepped eagerly down toward the coast-guard, saying:

"For goodness sake, come down here and let her get into her nest again, or she'll be down to tear my eyes out."

The coast-guard retreated down with the daring youth, as he inquired:

"How did you fight her out of the nest at all?"

"With the flashing of the lantern, of course, for don't you know that you can frighten any bird

at night, with a light, barring the owl, and she'll follow it."

"I never knew that before. Thunder alive, there's a gun out at sea."

The coast-guard was about to rush up on the cliff again, when Larry caught him and held him back crying:

"Then come along here down to the strand, and don't venture near the eagle if you want to keep your eyes in your head."

While thus speaking Larry drew the coast-guard down a steep path, from which they could not look out on the scene. At that moment a small lugger was steering in toward the rocks under full sail, while a large revenue cutter followed after her about a mile astern. The government vessel kept firing in rapid succession, and the coastguard became more excited, as he hastened down to the broad strand which was more than a mile distant from the high cliff down which the daring lad had descended. Larry kept chatting away in a lively manner, putting out the light in the lantern, as he remarked:

"That wicked bird may follow us when she sees the light."

It was quite dark at the time, and the coast-guard could not look out to sea until they struck the open strand, when he cried:

"On my life, but that's a revenue cutter out there, and she is signaling to us to be on the watch. The other sail I saw off the coast to-night must have been a smuggler."

Larry peered out to sea also, as he responded in careless tones:

"There isn't another sail in sight now. I'll be off home with my bird, and maybe I'll see you again before the night is over."

The coast-guard ran down to the strand, where several of his fellows had already collected, as well as some of the fishermen, while Larry made straight for the group of cottages standing back from the beach. The cunning fellow placed the young bird in a large basket and then turned to look out of the window as he muttered aloud:

"The lugger is safe in now, and the rogues outside won't know what has become of her. Didn't I humbug Bully Bill nicely, and he thinking himself such a cute one?"

Larry stood at the window for some time, watching the cutter, which had cast anchor about a mile outside the strand, while he continued muttering:

"I ought to be off to see the lads now, but it will be better to remain here and hear what the rogues outside have to say about the green light, and here comes Paddy the Pirate now with some news."

The fisherman thus alluded to soon appeared in the cottage, and whispered to his young friend, saying:

"I am in dread they are after you at last."

"How is that, my bold pirate?"

"Lieutenant Goff landed from the cutter with a big force, and I heard him colloquing with Bill Brown about the green light on the cliff."

"What did he make out of it?"

"Bill told him about you going down with the lantern, but he swore it was a regular white light you had in it."

"And what then, my bold pirate?"

"The officer isn't satisfied, and he is going to send a file of men up here after you. Here they come now, and hadn't you better cut for it?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Larry, as he stepped to the door to confront a party of sailors from the cutter.

"What's your name?" demanded a young midshipman who led the party.

"Larry Cullnane, sir."

"Then come along with me. Seize the young rascal, lads, and drag him along here."

Two stout sailors seized Larry, flourishing their cutlasses over his head. The rough sailors dragged him along to the coast-guard station, where the officer in command of the cutter was still consulting with Bill Brown. Some forty stout sailors, armed to the teeth, stood around, and the keen-eyed lad could notice that some of them were examining their pistols. When dragged into the station, Larry was addressed by a handsome young officer of twenty-seven, who demanded:

"What were you doing on the cliff to-night with a lantern, you hangdog-looking rascal?"

Larry turned at once to Bill Brown, who was standing near the officer, as he answered in frightened tones:

"Sure, sir, Mr. Brown here can tell you that I was after the young eagle."

"You are lying, you rascal, and I know it," cried the officer, "and now I'll give you one chance only. Lead us at once to where the smuggling lugger is lying, or I will give you a hundred lashes on the bare back and take you on board the cutter to serve your country for five or six years."

Larry of the Lantern started a little on hearing the threat, and a close observer could see a wicked light flashing in his eyes, but he curbed himself almost on the instant and replied in terrified tones, saying:

"Oh, murder, murder, would you be after floggin' a poor shaughraun to death for only going down after a young eagle, for may I be hung a hundred times over if I could tell you anything about a smuggling lugger at all."

CHAPTER II.—Fiery Fanny Leads the Way.

Four of the sailors dragged Larry out of the small station, and the officer followed, crying:

"String him up to the post there, and the strongest fellow among us will lash him with a rope."

They were dragging the lad toward a flag post in front of the station, when he sent forth a fearful yell and burst away from those who held him, crying:

"Murder, murder! And isn't this a nice way to treat a harmless, poor shaughraun who never injured anyone in all his born days."

The terrified youth burst through some of the sailors who attempted to seize him, and then dashed down from the hill on which the station was built. The sailors gave chase, and they soon outstripped their commander, who drew aside to rest himself on a rock, as he cried:

"Run the rascal down and bring him back to the station."

The fugitive was soon out of sight up the cliff, and so were the yelling sailors. The commander of the cutter stared after his men, as he muttered aloud:

"I am certain that rascal is in league with the smugglers, and I'd give a hundred pounds out of my own pocket to expose him."

"I'll take that offer, Lieutenant Goff," answered a low voice behind him.

The sailor turned on the instant, with his hand on his sword as he demanded:

"Who are you?"

"Step in here behind the rocks if you are not afraid, and you will see."

The sailor stepped boldly in behind the rock, when he was confronted by a saucy-looking youth in the garb of a fisherman, and who grinned at him, saying:

"I am just the one to earn a hundred pounds to-night, and have my own satisfaction at the same time."

Lieutenant Goff stared at the youth for a few moments, and then responded, saying:

"I think I heard your voice before, but I do not remember your face, lad."

The young stranger grinned again, and then replied:

"You did hear my voice before, and I am not a lad at all, but a bouncing lump of a girl."

"A girl indeed! Then what are you doing in that disguise, and where did I see you before?"

"My name is Fanny Donovan, but that young villain nicknamed me Fiery Fanny, and that is one reason why I hate him. You saw me up at your father's house two years ago, and I was at service there."

The sailor nodded as he remarked, with a grim smile:

"Yes, I remember you now. Do you mean to say that you can expose that young rascal who just escaped?"

"Yes, I do."

"Is he connected with the smugglers, then?"

"He is that, and he's thick with one that you little suspect as well."

"Who do you mean?"

"Promise me on your word of honor that you won't betray me, and I will tell you something that will open your eyes."

"I promise you on my word of honor that I will not betray you in any manner or form."

The disguised girl moved cautiously out from behind the rock and looked carefully around before she returned and addressed the young commander, saying:

"In the first place, then, I want to tell you that the young rogue calling himself Larry Cullnane has two faces on him when he likes."

"How is that?"

"Well, he goes up to the castle on the sly, dressed up as a fine young gentleman, and there he meets in the lawn or in the park with a nice young lady that you may know."

"There is no young lady up at the castle but my adopted sister, Martha."

The disguised girl grinned in an ugly manner, and responded, saying:

"And that's the very young lady Larry of the Lantern goes up there to see."

"It seems incredible girl, but what do you say

about the rascal's connection with the smugglers?"

"What's the use of my telling you any more about him if you don't believe what I first told you?"

"Well, I will believe you then, as I suspected that there was more in the fellow than appears on the surface, as he has a keen eye."

"Yes, Larry has a keen eye, a strong arm, and a sharp tongue," hissed forth the red-haired girl, "and it is I have reason to hate him. I'd almost sell my soul to have revenge on him, but I must do it on the sly, or my father would murder me."

"I'll not betray you; and now what have you to say about this young rascal?"

"I have to say that he is the captain of the smugglers, or even worse, as I believe that he fights his lugger for the French whenever he gets a chance; but before I say any more you must promise me another thing."

"What is it, then?"

"You must swear to me that you will spare my father when you hang all the others."

"I'll promise you that faithfully, if you put me in the way of hanging the smugglers."

"I'll do it, never fear, if you are brave enough to follow me with men enough to fight the lads, who will not give up until the last."

"Is the smuggler lying hereabouts to-night, then?"

"She is not a mile away from here now, but you couldn't find her unless I show you the way, unless you blow up the rocks that hide her."

"How many men does she carry?"

"About twenty-five as stout fellows as ever carried a sword or pistol."

"Then I'll engage that the same number of my men will cut them to pieces in two minutes."

The girl shook her head before she replied, saying:

"Take my advice and have more men than that, as you will find that Larry and his lads are not to be laughed at at all."

"Are you certain that he has not more than twenty-five men under him?"

"That's as many as he has, counting my own father, who is called Paddy the Pirate, and his own pretended old father, Paddy Cullnane."

"Is he not the old fisherman's son, then, really?"

"I don't know who or what he is, only that he has proved a villain to me, and I'll never rest easy until I see him dangling on the gallows."

"Will you lead me to their hiding-place at once?"

"I will that, when you gather your men and come here to meet me, only you must remember that my name is Frank, and that I am a stranger in these parts."

"I will remember all that, and now I will away to muster my men and lead them against this young rascal and his gang of pirates."

"Bring enough of men, I warn you."

"I'd be ashamed to bring more than their own number to crush the rascals, and that is twice too many, but I'll send a strong party in the boat to cut them off from escape by the sea," replied the confident officer, as he moved away from behind the rocks and sent forth a signal to recall the sailors.

The disguised girl then stooped down for a

fistful of earth to rub it over her face, as she muttered:

"The young villain laughed at me and called me Fiery Fanny, and it is little he dreamt that I was watching him all the time in order to have my revenge on him. I warned father often enough, but I must save him at least, as he isn't so bad at all to me."

Some time after the young shaughraun smuggler was standing in a large cove close to the cliff, where he had descended to secure the young eagle, and he presented a different appearance indeed. He was arrayed in the half-uniform worn by privateer officers and smugglers at the time, and his feet were covered with large boots reaching up above his knees. The belt around his waist held a brace of pistols, and a sword hung at his side. The opening of the cave on the seaside was about twenty-five feet above a very small inlet or bay in which the smuggling lugger was lying.

The little haven was almost surrounded by high rocks, and the only opening from it to the sea was a shallow passage which could not be entered by small boats when the tide was out. The high rocks sheltered the little vessel from observation outside, while the overhanging cliffs above made it impossible for the coast-guards to perceive the tall masts of the small craft. Yet the smugglers, from their peculiar position in the cave above, could look out on the jutting rocks and the sea beyond. The cave had another opening toward the land, through which the smugglers passed out the valuable goods into the graveyard of an old abbey, which was never visited at night by even the boldest in the neighborhood.

The cave was high and spacious, and it contained several valuable cargoes at the time, consisting chiefly of French silks, brandies, wines, and tobacco. Several of the smugglers were hard at work hauling up goods from the deck of the lugger by means of pulleys suspended over the mouth of the cavern, and their young captain was encouraging them by crying:

"Work lively, my brave lads, and we'll have a good spree to-night, after humbugging the English rogues."

At that moment a young man, who acted as first mate on board the smuggler, approached the captain from behind, saying:

"The cutter has moved out there in front of us, captain, and I'll be hanged if there isn't a boat landing outside there on the rocks."

The young captain bent his keen eyes down and out, drawing his sword, as he replied:

"That is true, my boy. Men, look to your weapons, and keep on loading the cargo. Shade the lanterns, so that the lights will not show out."

The cave became livelier than before, as several of the smugglers hastened to load muskets and pistols, while the others kept at work on the cargo with greater activity. The young captain and his mate peered out eagerly, when they could discern the boat's crew from the cutter landing on the rocks below, the officer in charge waving his sword as if moving on an enemy. Shaking his sword down at his foes, while keeping his own form concealed, the young captain cried out, in scornful tones:

"Fools, fools, we only laugh at you. Watch them, boys, but don't fire a shot."

The men went on with their work, and some of the weary one stretched themselves to rest soon after. The young captain kept watching the rocks below for some time, when he turned to Paddy the Pirate, saying:

"It may have been better if I had fled when you warned me, but it didn't suit me exactly to keep out of the way at present."

Paddy the Pirate winked in a sly manner, but he responded in respectful tones, saying:

"Brave captain, sure you are the best judge, but you had a very narrow escape. Murder alive, what queer noise is that I hear inside now?"

The captain bent his ear at the same time, moving toward the back entrance to the cave as he whispered to Paddy the Pirate, saying:

"It sounds like the shuffling of feet in there, and we didn't expect the town boys to-night. Pass the word for the boys to get their arms, as some traitor may have led the sailors on us."

Treachery was at work against the smuggler at the time, and his foes were close at hand.

CHAPTER III.—A Struggle in the Saint's Shelter.

"Girl, beware if you are leading us into a trap, as I will blow your brains out on the least sign of treachery."

It was thus that Lieutenant Goff addressed Fiery Fanny, but in very subdued tones, as she led him into the old abbey graveyard with twenty-five of the sailors walking after him with stealthy steps. The treacherous girl cast a scornful glance at the suspicious officer, as she replied in whispered tones:

"Yes, blow my brains out if you do see the least sign of treachery, but I warn you to be as silent as death until you are ready to spring at the rogues. Light the dark lantern now, and follow me into this vault."

While thus whispering Fanny stood before an old vault, the iron door of which was rusty with age. It was a weird spot altogether, with broken tombs and head-stones lying around the graveyard, and the old ruined abbey itself a short distance away. The old building stood about two hundred yards back from the cliff, while the graveyard extended to within a hundred and fifty feet of the secret cave, which was known in former times as the Saint's Shelter. Some of the old people in the neighborhood told a story concerning the origin of the cave, and they asserted that it was the abode of a handsome young clergyman who once ruled over the abbey. It was said that the young clergyman was very handsome, and that he was beloved by a fair maiden named Catherine, from whom he had to fly to the shelter of the rocks, where he lived and died in peace.

It was also believed that the ghost of the maiden haunted the abbey graveyard at night, where she was supposed to roam around in search of her saintly lover. Very few of the inhabitants then living in the neighborhood knew nothing about Saint's Shelter, and it was Paddy the Pirate who had first shown it to the young shaughraun smuggler. Taking a dark lantern in her hand,

Fanny led the way into a passage and pushed aside a slab which moved on rollers. She then descended some stone steps which led into another narrow passage, and moved silently on as she said to herself:

"If we surprise them there will be little or no bloodshed, but what blows will be struck if we don't!"

Lieutenant Goff and the sailors moved on after the girl in single file, and they did not make any more noise than so many Indians stealing through a dark wood at night. Fanny soon reached an inner vault or cave, from which about a dozen stone steps led up to the spacious hiding place where the smugglers were stowing away their goods. On reaching that point the girl turned and whispered.

"Get your men ready in here, and I will steal up the steps to see what the rogues are doing."

Fanny stole up the steps until her head was on the level with the outer cave, and she then peered in, the officer following suit. Dark lanterns were burning in the apartment, by the light of which they could perceive a handsome young officer addressing the busy smugglers.

"Look at him now," whispered Fanny, "with his top boots, the three-cornered hat, and his fine coat, not to mind the sword and pistols, and didn't I tell you that he could have two faces when he liked?"

Lieutenant Goff did stare in amazement at the handsome youth, and then responded:

"You do not mean to say that that is the young rascal known as Larry of the Lantern?"

"That's himself, and no mistake, and there is my father talking to him now. On your soul, remember that you must not hurt him at all."

"Your father is moving this way now, and confound my rascals for not keeping quieter. See—see; they are both listening as if they hear us."

The girl pressed the officer's arm, and hissed into his ear, saying:

"Then up with you at them, but don't fire, or you may kill my father."

"We will use the cold steel on the dogs," answered the officer.

Then turning to his men he cried aloud:

"Up and at them, and give them the cold steel if they resist."

"Close the opening, out with the lights, and take to your weapons, my brave boys," sang out the young smuggler captain in clear, manly tones.

Some of the smugglers were in the act of raising barrels at the moment, others were down on the lugger and a few were asleep on rough beds. Out went the lights as if by magic; the smugglers drew their swords and pistols to range themselves beside their young captain, and up from the lugger sprang those who had been engaged down there, while those who had been asleep raised their heads and seized their arms almost at the same moment. Lieutenant Goff and his men had not yet reached the top of the stone steps when the lamps went out, but the brave officer dashed into the outer cave, crying:

"Flash out the lantern, lads, and at the rascals before they can rally."

Then out rang the voice of the young smuggler captain, crying:

"Give them one volley, boys, and fire straight at the lanterns!"

Several pistol shots flashed out on the instant, and five or six of the sailors fell back into the inner cave uttering deep groans.

"At them with the swords now, lads," cried Larry of the Lantern, "and up with the lights again until we see to fight them."

The lights flashed up and the captain of the smugglers sprang forward to encounter the officer who had threatened to flog him, as he cried:

"Let us see if you are able to strike me with a sword or a rope now, you tyrant."

The smugglers dashed to the back of the cave after their captain, uttering yells of defiance, and some of them fired their pistols at the sailors, several of whom had not yet gained the top of the stone steps. Larry of the Lantern and Lieutenant Goff were engaged in a desperate fight, while all the other smugglers were fighting with the active sailors, several of whom they hurled back into the inner cave. The struggle was raging at its height when the voice of the young smuggler chief was heard crying:

"I cry a parley."

Lieutenant Goff drew back a step and glared at his opponent as he demanded:

"Do you surrender then, you rascal?"

"Not by a jugful, but I want to stop the slaughter of so many fine fellows. Stop the fight, lads, as I have something to propose to the officer here."

"What is it, you rascal?" demanded Lieutenant Goff, as he motioned to his men to stop the struggle for the time.

"I'll fight it out with you," cried Larry, "and if you beat me we'll all give in."

"Then here's at you at once."

The officer was advancing to strike at the young smuggler again when the latter cried:

"But I want you to give in if I should happen to get the upper hand of you, and what do you say to that proposal?"

"Do you mean that all my men must surrender to you if you should defeat me?"

"That's just what I mean. If you want to save bloodshed come at me and end it."

"Then I will at you, you rascal."

The officer struck at the young smuggler again, when the latter drew back a few paces, crying:

"Let us come to a fair understanding first, and then we will fight it out."

CHAPTER IV.—The Result of the Struggle.

During his brief struggle with the English officer, Larry of the Lantern kept his eyes in full play, and when he noted that the enemy did not outnumber his own men, he did not fear to encounter them on equal terms. Yet he feared that the English had reinforcements close at hand outside, as he was well aware that they had landed a strong party on the rock from the revenue cutter. The lives of his men were dear to the young smuggler, as they were all faithful fellows who would follow him to the death, and he wished to save as much bloodshed as possible, while no thought of surrender entered his mind.

Smuggling was punished by death at that time,

when the guilty ones resisted the officers of the law and slew their opponents while thus resisting. The smugglers had already resisted, they had killed and wounded several of the sailors, and they would be certain to suffer death on the scaffold if taken. Among the sailors from the revenue cutter were several good fellows who had been impressed from the Irish coast, and the young smuggler was also anxious to spare their lives in a deadly encounter. In truth, the youth was not bloodthirsty at all, except when aroused to fury when fighting against desperate odds. Young as he was, he had already made his mark on the sea, as he bore credentials from the French government as a privateer, and he had captured several rich English merchant vessels. Very few were aware, however, that the daring French privateer known as Captain Lawrence and Larry of the Lantern were one and the same person, and it was the young man's purpose to keep the second as close as possible.

While addressing the English officer and challenging him to single combat, Larry made a few private signs to his friends, and some of them moved slyly to obey him. Lieutenant Goff was a brave and reckless man, and he had full confidence in his own prowess, fully believing he was more than a match for two such opponents as the youth before him in any trial of strength and skill. With parleying with the young smuggler, Lieutenant Goff cast his eyes around him, and he could then note that his men had the worst of the struggle so far, and that the smugglers held the best position in the cave.

Although Lieutenant Goff did not succeed in overpowering his young opponent at their first onset, he could not dream that the tall stripling would be able to cope with him for many minutes. When Larry called on him to continue the parley, Lieutenant Goff shook his sword impatiently, and demanded:

"Well, what have you to say?"

"Just this much. I am ready and willing to fight you, but we must fight on equal terms."

"That is out of the question, and I do you too much honor to even cope with you in single combat."

"We are on equal terms here, and I think we have a little the best of you," rejoined the young smuggler. "As to doing me honor, I now assert that I am your equal in every way, if not your superior."

"How can you say that, you arrant rascal, when you are a common smuggler and sailing fast for the gallows?"

The young smuggler-captain drew himself up to his full height, and his eyes flashed with indignation, as he answered:

"I want you to understand that I bear authority from the French government to make war on all enemies, and more especially the English. I have fought as brave as you are when they commanded a stronger force than you now muster, and I compelled them to surrender. Perhaps you have heard of Captain Lawrence?"

"I have heard of a French privateer of that name, but you cannot be the man."

"I am the man, and here are my credentials from the French government bearing my name."

While thus speaking the young captain drew

forth a document, and held it toward the English officer. Lieutenant Goff took the paper and looked it over in a scornful manner, and he then flung it back to its owner, crying:

"That will not save you from the hangman, as you are an English subject."

"How do you know that I am an English subject?"

"Were you not born here on the Irish coast?"

"You cannot prove that. But this is a senseless argument, and only two things remain for us."

The English officer cast another glance around, and then demanded:

"Will your fellows surrender when I defeat you?"

"I swear to you that they will when you do defeat me. Will you not, boys?"

A loud response was the answer, and then the young smuggler demanded:

"Will you order your men to surrender if I should defeat you?"

Lieutenant Goff hesitated a few moments, and then advanced to the struggle, saying:

"I swear that they will."

"Then at it we go, and don't let a man stir from the place where he now stands until the fight is over."

Larry could use the sword as well as a blackthorn, and a groan burst from the English sailors when they saw their commander forced to give way. Larry struck with such fury as to force the English officer back to the stone steps, on the verge of which he made a desperate effort to turn the tide of battle, while Fiery Fanny cried out in disguised tones:

"Spring aside, sir, or you are gone."

The officer attempted to take the advice, but while he was in the act of springing aside his active young opponent closed with him and struck the sword from his grasp, as he cried:

"You are at my mercy now."

While thus speaking Larry seized his opponent by the throat, and hurled him to the ground, planting his foot on his breast as he turned to the English sailors, and cried:

"Lay down your arms and surrender, or I will kill your officer on the spot."

A yell of rage burst from the sailors, and one old fellow cried:

"What do you say, lieutenant, as we are ready to strike to the death for you?"

"I must keep my word, even to a smuggler-pirate, and I order you all to surrender," was the hoarse reply from the crestfallen officer.

The sailors flung down their weapons, uttering growls at the same time, while the merry smugglers sprang to secure their prisoners, old Paddy the Pirate crying:

"You thought you had a lot of fools to deal with, but your eyes are open now."

The young captain then turned to give orders to his men about the prisoner, and he concluded by saying:

"Boys, I have made up my mind that it will be better not to take the prisoners to France, as one of them may escape very soon, and then the secret of the Saint's Shelter would be exposed. We will keep them here on the coast in a safe place until

we run a few more good cargoes, and then we will away to France."

A shout of applause greeted the decision of the young captain, old Paddy the Pirate crying:

"I know where we can keep them as safe as if they were in the strongest prison in France."

Larry drew the old fellow aside and whispered to him:

"Where do you mean?"

"In the vaults under the old abbey, where there are cells that we can lock them in and guard them with five or six of the boys from the town."

"I'll speak to you about it again; and now we must clear the cove here at once, as some other traitor may lead another party here soon."

Paddy the Pirate rubbed his head and cast his eyes at the prisoners, as he said:

"That's what's puzzling me, and I am sure that the traitor who brought them here must be over among them now."

The young captain started at the suggestion, and then strode over toward the prisoners, as he cried:

"Stand these fellows out here in rows, and bring the dead and wounded up here also, as I want to examine all their faces."

Fiery Fanny trembled a little as she heard the order, while she said to herself:

"I'll be a corpse soon if I am discovered, as my father will be the first to strike me dead."

The prisoners' arms were well secured as the smugglers ranged them in rows, and the young captain seized a torch to flash it in each of their faces, as he cried aloud:

"I did not agree to spare the traitor who is among you, and now to discover him."

The keen-eyed young fellow passed up and down twice, peering carefully into each face. Once only did he pause and start slightly while standing before the treacherous girl, but he passed on the next moment as if he had not detected her in her clever disguise, while he said to himself:

"Thunder and lightning, if it isn't Fiery Fanny herself who brought the English rogues here, but I must not betray her, as her father would kill her on the spot."

Leaving the prisoners in the hands of a few of his followers, Larry went up to the abbey when a young girl sprang forward to meet him, whom he recognized as his true friend, Martha Goff. The girl said she had news for him, which she imparted. It was that a body of soldiers were on their way to attack him and rescue Larry's prisoners.

"Well," said Larry, "we will give them all the hot work they care for."

CHAPTER V.—Could He Baffle Them All?

"Hot work!" gasped the young girl. "Surely you do not mean to remain here to fight against the soldiers, and you will fly at once. Oh, you wicked fellow, how could I imagine that you were leading such a double life?"

Larry drew the young girl aside under the shade of an old tombstone and spoke to her in rather excited tones, saying:

"My darling, I have not time to excuse myself

now, as I have others to think of beside myself. Ride into the little grove down there and I will be with you very soon."

The anxious girl led the horse down to the grove, and Larry ran into the old abbey muttering:

"It will be close work and hot work, I think, but I hope I can baffle them all yet. And what a darling girl she is to come here to warn me, after knowing that I was only a worthless shaughraun a few years ago."

Larry had scarcely entered the old abbey vaults when he addressed some of his friends there saying:

"Boys, the soldiers will be on here in about an hour, and we are sure to have our hands full. Now, listen to me, and don't make any mistakes, if you want me to baffle our enemies."

The rough men there assembled did listen carefully, and their young leader gave them sharp and explicit instructions. Over twenty men had assembled there at the time, and they were waiting for other friends with pack horses to remove the goods still remaining in the cave. Some of them hastened away to return with the horses as quick as possible, and those remaining set to work with a will, while Larry ran down to the grove to consult with the girl who appeared to be so devoted to him. After staring at her for a few moments with a merry smile on his face, Larry inquired:

"What time did that treacherous girl get to the castle?"

"About half-past eight."

"Did you see her?"

"I did; but she didn't see me. I heard her talking to Lord Goff in the library, and I was listening outside the window, knowing full well that she came there to betray you."

"And what did she tell him, my darling?"

"She told him that you captured Edgar Goff and the sailors under him last night, when they went to attack you in a cave near here."

"What else did you hear?"

"She told him that Lieutenant Goff and his men were confined there in that old abbey, and that a lot of your men were watching over them."

Larry pondered a few moments as if making a mental calculation, and the sound of horses' feet could be heard behind them at the moment. The young smuggler sent forth a signal, which was answered on the instant, before he addressed the young girl again:

"Have no fear for me just now, my darling, and I am almost certain we'll baffle them all yet."

"But you will be taken and put to death, as that treacherous girl will lead Lord Goff into your hiding places."

"She may lead him here into the abbey, but I assure you that I will baffle her thereafter."

Martha Goff perceived several dark forms moving around the graveyard, some of whom were leading horses, and she eagerly inquired:

"What are these men doing now?"

"They are loading up the pack-horses with bales of silk and other goods, and we will have them stowed away safe before the soldiers can get here. I will have to bid you good-night now, and may Heaven bless you for the kind warning you gave me."

The shaughraun embraced the young girl again while she gasped forth:

"I cannot leave you while you are in such danger, and I must see the upshot of it."

Larry shook his head and then responded, saying:

"I would like to keep you with me forever, but the work here to-night may be too dangerous for you, and you must go."

"I will not go. Before coming away from the castle I looked in the glass carefully, and I am certain that no one will recognize me in this disguise. If you care for me, as you say you do, let me remain with you."

"Then come with me, and who knows that we may never part again."

The young girl gave the bold fellow a slap on the cheek, as she responded:

"I only want to remain with you for an hour or so, until I see you are out of danger, and then I will bid you good-by forever, as I can never care again for such a wicked wretch."

"I'll have to trust to luck for that, and fortune has been very kind to me," answered Larry, with a merry smile. "And now I will borrow this good horse of yours again, as we are a little short to-night."

The young smuggler led the horse into the graveyard again, where a busy scene was presented to them. About twenty pack-horses were standing near the old abbey, and as many men were leading them with goods brought out from the cave. About thirty more hearty fellows were passing the goods out to the entrance of the passage, and they were all working with as much order as if trained on board of a man-of-war. Larry stood back with his young lady friend as he said to her:

"You see, there is a fortune in what they are taking away, and brave men will fight for fame and fortune."

The disguised girl cast an anxious glance toward the high-road, as she responded:

"But you would have to fight if the soldiers come on you and surprise you."

"But they can't surprise us."

"Why not?"

"Because I have men posted on the cliffs watching the road, and I will receive a warning of the first approach of our enemies."

A shrill whistle was heard at the moment, and then Larry stepped out among the busy men, crying:

"Hurry, now, boys, as fast as you can, and waste no time."

A hearty response greeted the command, while down from the cliff darted Paddy the Pirate, crying:

"The soldiers are coming along at this side of the village, captain, and they'll be here in a jiffy."

"Then away with the horses by the other path through the wood, and into the cave with the rest of the goods on the way out now."

The young smuggler drew Paddy aside as he gave the last order, and whispered to him, saying:

"Into the cave with all the prisoners also, and don't leave a trace of them behind."

Another scout soon appeared on the scene, and addressed the young captain, saying:

"The soldiers are close to the wood now, captain, and they turned in as if they knew the way."

"Then away with you, boys, and drive for dear life along the mountain path. If you are followed I will be there to help you."

A most exciting scene then ensued, as the drivers of the horses lashed the animals and hastened away out of the old graveyard. The young smuggler watched them until they had disappeared in the grove, and he then turned to the devoted girl and inquired:

"Don't you think I can baffle my enemies now?"

"I pray that you may, but what are you going to do with your prisoners?"

For answer the young man led the girl into the old vault, and from thence along the passage to the cave, holding a small lantern in one hand. On reaching the inner cave, Larry said to her:

"Come up those steps with me, and then look out."

The disguised girl ascended the steps and peered out into the large cave for a few moments, when she turned to the young smuggler, saying:

"Why, those men in there look like regular sailors of the navy, and I think I notice Edgar Goff among them."

"Yes, that is Lieutenant Goff, and his men are with him."

"But will not that treacherous girl lead the soldiers in there?"

"Wait and you will see. The struggle is not half over yet, but I hope to baffle Fiery Fanny and Lord Goff after all."

(We neglected to state that Fiery Fanny and Lieutenant Goff made their escape from the cave where Larry had held them captive.)

CHAPTER VI.—Sharp Work on Both Sides.

On hastening to Goff Cast after her successful escape, Fanny made a contract with the magistrate. She promised to lead him to the rescue of his son and to the destruction of the smugglers, while she made him promise that her father should not be severely punished. During that interview the girl did not speak of her capture by Larry that morning.

Lord Goff was anxious to make a clean sweep of the smugglers, and he made his preparations therefore with great vigor and forethought. He sent for a strong body of horsemen to make the attack, and he also summoned the coastguards in the neighborhood to warn the cutters outside to be on the lookout for the smuggler. The horsemen dismounted on reaching the wood back of the old abbey, and they then stole cautiously forward, with Lord Goff and the disguised girl at their head. Fanny had changed her disguise again, as she then appeared as a young soldier, having supplied herself with a fierce brown mustache from the private theatrical property kept at the castle. Fanny first led them into the old building, and she was a little surprised at not finding any of the smugglers on guard there.

She then led them down into the vaults, and lanterns flashed out on the scene. Lord Goff had placed a very strong guard in front of the old vault leading into the Saint's Shelter, so that none

of the smugglers who happened to be in the cave could escape that way. The girl was still more surprised on looking into the old vaults, to find that the prisoners had disappeared, and she turned to Lord Goff, saying:

"They must have taken them into the cave so as to whip them away in the lugger when the tide is high."

Taking a lantern from one of the soldiers, Fanny led the way into the dark passage. Lord Goff and the soldiers stole after, the former muttering to himself:

"There is something in the girl's story, after all, and now to surprise the rascals."

After Fanny had proceeded some distance a slight exclamation of surprise burst from her, and she drew up and turned to Lord Goff, saying:

"May the mischief take me if they mustn't have had warning of our approach, and they have stopped the way on us with that big rock."

Lord Goff stared at the huge rock before them, and then rejoined:

"Is there no other way of getting into the cave?"

"There is, sir, but it will be hard to get at them in that way. You would have to be lowered by ropes from the cliffs above, and they may have shut the passage in front also."

Fanny then gave a brief description of the cave and its entrances, and she concluded by saying:

"The only way to get at them now, that I can see, is to blow that rock away."

Lord Goff examined the rock before him, and, being an old soldier, he saw that it could be shattered and removed with a strong blast of powder. As he was a man of energy and great perseverance, however, he soon set to work to blow up the obstruction. While the soldiers were thus engaged, the smugglers in the cave were as busy as bees. All the goods not yet removed were lowered to the lugger, where a strict watch was kept on the prisoners at the same time.

The men thus engaged wore black crepe over their faces, as most of them were well known in the neighboring town. Martha Goff covered her face in a similar manner also, under Larry's advice, although the young girl felt perfectly satisfied that she would not be recognized. Larry kept close to the loving girl when not engaged in directing his men, and he also kept an ear to the operations of his enemies outside. He knew that Lord Goff was working to blow up the obstruction, and it would be a race between the tide and the powder, or a desperate struggle for the possession of the cave and the lugger.

The night was very dark, and the coast-guards watching on the cliff above the cave could scarcely discern the revenue cutters lying out in the bay. Two strong men were working away with pick-axes at the obstructing rock in the passage, and they were relieved every few minutes by fresh hands, in order to form a space for the powder as soon as possible.

Lord Goff stood back watching the soldiers working at the rock, and they were on the point of completing their labor when he drew back, exclaiming:

"Hang me if the rock isn't moving now!"

The rock was moving aside from the passage, and the two soldiers drew back also, one of them crying:

"Look out for a trap!"

Seizing a lantern, Lord Goff sprang to the front in the passage and peered forward, saying:

"The way is open now. Forward, and we will see what the rascals are about."

The soldiers in the passage followed their leader with their weapons presented, and the word was passed along for the others to rush in after them. Lord Goff soon reached the inner cave, and sprang up the stone steps to the larger apartment, when a familiar voice fell on his ear, crying:

"Soldiers, don't fire on us, as we are friends."

Lord Goff peered into the main cave, where a bright lamp was burning, and he perceived the captured sailors standing in a row, with his son in front of them. Springing forward in an excited manner, the old soldier cried:

"What, Edgar, is that you? And where are the infernal smugglers?"

"They are gone, sir. Release us, as they have bound our arms and feet, and I will tell you what to do."

"But where are the rascals gone?"

"They went out through an opening in front there, which they closed up after them."

"How long since they went?"

"Not more than five minutes ago, sir. Let us out on the cliffs and alarm the cutters, as I understand that there are two of them in the bay now."

Waiting to release his son only, Lord Goff darted out with him and hastened to the cliff, as he cried to the coastguards on duty there:

"Light the bonfires and alarm the cutters outside, as the infernal smugglers are moving out in their lugger now."

Several bright lights flashed up from the cliffs soon after, and then Lord Goff cried:

"There goes the rascal along the coast now, but he cannot escape the cutters."

The lugger was gliding along outside, and the cutters were bearing down on her, the guns of the former flashing out ominously at the same time. At that moment Larry of the Lantern was standing beside Martha Goff on the deck of the lugger and saying:

"Then you will not fly with me, my darling?"

"I cannot, I cannot," was the excited reply, "as I have sworn to remain at Goff Castle for the present."

"Then here goes to give the rogues the slip, and I will then land you on the coast below here."

CHAPTER VII.—Edgar Goff's Challenge.

About eight o'clock on the following evening Lord Goff was seated in the library with his son, and Martha was standing before them. Martha's face was flushed, but she spoke in calm and decided tones as she answered a question put to her by Lord Goff, saying:

"It is true, sir, as I met a young gentleman calling himself Captain Lawrence more than once; but I assure you that I had no idea, up to yesterday morning, that he bore a docile character."

"Why did you keep the secret from me?"

The young girl blushed a little and then replied:

"I did so at the request of the young gentleman."

"Young gentleman be hanged!" cried the old lord. "He is nothing but a common pirate or a skulking smuggler, and we will soon see him dangling on the gallows."

Martha was about to defend her young lover, when Edgar Goff interposed, saying:

"Father, whatever your opinion of the young man may be, I tell you that he is brave and generous. I attacked him with equal numbers, and he defeated me. Whatever his private character may be, we must admit that he is a brave foe. Now, Martha, you know that I have always cared for you, but I will not force my love on you."

The young girl bowed, but she did not reply by words, while the young man continued, saying:

"I have just told your father that I have resigned my commission in the service, and that I feel like one in disgrace. I am just about to start for England to purchase a vessel about the size of the smuggling lugger, and I will fit it up at father's expense. Can you imagine with what object?"

The young girl shuddered a little as she replied:

"I think I can."

"To be open with you, I am going to fit the little craft out as a privateer, and I am going to search for this young man calling himself Captain Lawrence, in order to wipe out the disgrace that has been inflicted on me by him. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," answered Martha.

"I do not wish to pry into your private affairs, Martha, but I would like to know if you will see or communicate with this Captain Lawrence very soon?"

Martha looked earnestly at the speaker as she answered in truthful tones:

"I cannot say that I will ever see Captain Lawrence again, and I do not know how I can communicate with him, but if I should what is it you wish to convey to him?"

"I wish to have him told that I challenge him to meet me again on equal terms. He commands a French privateer of a certain size carrying two large guns, I believe, and manned by about twenty-five men. I will set out with a similar force, and with a vessel of about the same size."

"You are a fool," interposed the old lord, "to fight a smuggling rascal on equal terms."

"That may be, sir, but I have my own ideas on the subject, and I will carry them out."

"As you please, then, but I trust that Martha here will never meet the rascal again."

"Lord Goff," answered the young girl, "you have been very kind to me, up to the present time, but I now tell you that I cannot promise you not to speak to the young man again if I should meet him. If you order me to leave your house I will go at once."

"No, no, no! Don't be a romantic young fool, and don't dream of leaving your home here. I have sworn to be a father to you, and I will keep my oath, while I hope to cure you of this folly at the same time."

"Then do not abuse the young man, father," said Edgar. "I hate him, it is true, but I will meet him on equal terms and put him to death, if possible. If you meet him or hear from him, Martha, tell him what I say, and let him be prepared to meet me."

"I will, if I should meet him, or hear from him."

Do you wish to say anything more to me at present, sir?"

"Not that I think of," answered Lord Goff, "but I do pray that you will forget this confounded young shaughraun smuggler hereafter."

Martha did not reply in words, but she retired from the room, muttering to herself:

"I cannot forget him, and there is something else that I cannot forget either. I almost hate myself for playing the part of a spy here, but I have sworn to perform my mission, and I will keep my promise to my dear injured mother."

When the young lady retired from the library Lord Goff turned to his son and eagerly inquired:

"Can it be possible that she suspects anything about her parents?"

"I think not, sir."

"But she is acting very strangely of late, and I wish to Heaven that you could get her to marry you right off."

"That is impossible, but I have a project in my head that will force her to accept me."

"What is that?"

"I propose to capture this young smuggler, and I will only spare his life on condition that she will be my wife."

The old lord pondered over the project for some moments, and he then clapped his son on the shoulder as he said to him:

"Strike away, then, as quick as you can, for your own honor, and for the girl also. She may never discover the secret of her birth, but if she does so without becoming your wife we will be disgraced beggars thereafter."

The young sailor struck the table with great force as he exclaimed:

"Then I will strike for honor, revenge, love and fortune at the same time. I will start out for England this very night, and I will set spies on the track of the young smuggler before I go. Bill Brown has been released, I hope?"

"Certainly he has. The fellow was very indignant over his arrest, but I have made it all right with him now."

"Then get him to act as one of our spies here, father, and I will see that the red-haired girl is well employed in the meantime also."

Before starting out for England that night Edgar Goff held a private consultation with Fiery Fanny, who said to him:

"Never fear, but I will watch for the young villain about here; I'll wager my life that no one will know me, either."

"Then here's some money for you, and I will reward you well when the rascal is caught."

Fanny drew back with an indignant shake of her red head, as she responded in scornful tones, saying:

"I won't take a penny of your money now or hereafter, as I work for my own revenge, and not for pay. Besides, my rogue of a father left a good purse behind him, little dreaming that I would spend it against his own captain."

Fanny was then disguised as a rough country lad, and with her hair cut close to the roots. The interview was held in the garden back of the castle, and a portion of it was overheard by another person in disguise, who was deeply interested in the fortunes of Larry of the Lantern. When the red-haired girl stole away out of the garden, that

other person followed her for some distance, muttering:

"You wicked girl, you deserve to be punished severely, but I will watch you and prevent you from betraying the brave young man who treated you too kindly. You will have to disguise yourself very thoroughly, indeed, if I do not detect you."

On the following evening two strangers appeared at the small tavern in the village of Clovine. One of the strangers was a little old gentleman wearing a gray beard and eye-glasses, who pretended that he was an artist from Dublin, and that he was taking sketches of the old towers and abbeys in the neighborhood.

The other was a rough-looking sailor of middle age, with his left arm in a sling, who asserted that he had received a severe wound in a recent naval engagement, and that he wanted a quiet place to get cured in and to rest for a time in peace. The old artist was no other than Martha Goff, and the rough sailor wearing a bushy beard was Fanny Donovan.

The people of the fishing village could scarcely believe that Larry was the commander of the smugglers after his escape. A few days after Larry's escape an old man appeared at the village and inquired for old Tom Cullnane saying he was his brother Jack. Some remembered Jack had a brother who went to America long years before. Fanny had her eye on the stranger from America at once and said to herself:

"I'll wager he isn't Tom Cullnane's brother at all."

The old stranger was much interested in what he heard of Larry of the Lantern and appeared to be proud of his nephew. Jack Cullnane, as he called himself, put up at the village also. On the fourth day after the stranger's arrival at the village Jack Cullnane strolled along the cliffs, and Fanny disguised as a wounded sailor, was watching at a distance. The stranger from America was seen talking to an old artist who was making sketches near by. The old artist was Martha Goff in disguise. The treacherous Fanny saw through Martha's disguise, and immediately informed Lord Goff that his daughter was in conversation with the old stranger, and that she had her suspicions he was not all he appeared to be.

Lord Goff called his retainers together and determined to capture the stranger. They came upon him, after the disguised Martha had left him. In the confusion which followed several shots were fired, and the stranger was shot down. On examination one of the game keepers said:

"He has been shot in the head and he is done for."

CHAPTER VIII.—A Vengeful Girl's Remorse.

Martha Goff was hastening back to the castle when she heard the cries in the grove, and she at once recognized Lord Goff's voice. When she heard the shots resounding through the grove, her terror increased, and she groaned forth:

"If he is slain that treacherous girl has betrayed him, and I will punish her. Dear, dear, how still it seems down there now."

The agitated girl hastened back to the grove

with trembling steps, and as she neared the spot where her lover was lying, she heard Lord Goff say:

"We'll send for the coroner and have an inquest. The old rascal is a spy, and he would have been hung if we had caught him alive."

A cry of anguish burst out from Martha as she sprang out on the open space and flung herself down beside the insensible form, moaning forth:

"Oh, you cruel wretches, to murder him in that manner, and I loved him so much."

Lord Goff seized the girl to draw her away, as he demanded:

"What do you mean, Martha?"

"I mean that you have murdered the brave young man I loved, and I will never forgive you for it."

"You must be raving, as that old rascal there is old enough to be your grandfather."

"He is not—he is not, as that is the brave youth known as Captain Lawrence, who defied your son and defeated him. Oh, Larry, Larry, my dear, brave fellow, I warned you that you were walking on your own grave!"

"Larry! Larry!" screamed Fiery Fanny, as she sprang out from the grove in her disguise. "Miss Martha, do you mean to tell me that it is Larry of the Lantern himself?"

"I do, I do, you wicked girl, and it was you who betrayed him to death!"

Fiery Fanny knelt down beside the insensible form and tore the wig and false whiskers from the youth's face to stare at it for a few moments before she cried in tones of anguish:

"Heaven forgive me, if it isn't poor Larry himself, and he cold in death."

"Stand aside, you silly girls," cried Lord Goff. "and we will have him taken up to the castle. If it is really Captain Lawrence we will give him a decent burial."

The weeping girls drew aside, and four of the men raised Larry from the ground to bear him to the castle. Lord Goff took Martha by the arm and drew her aside as he said to her:

"You silly girl, do not act in such a foolish manner before the servants. The young fellow is dead now, and that is all there is about it."

Martha did not respond in words, but she registered another silent vow to be revenged on those who caused the death of her young lover. Lord Goff led Martha up to her own bedroom and locked her in there, saying:

"You must not disgrace yourself before the servants to-night."

Fanny Donovan soon sought a private interview with Lord Goff, and she begged of him to allow her to sit up with the body that night, saying:

"I'll watch over the poor fellow until morning, and until he is taken to his grave, and I'll never stop crying for him until I am laid under the sod myself."

Lord Goff granted the request, and Fanny commenced her watch over the silent dead in a small room at the back of the castle. As the hour of midnight approached and all was still in the castle a terrified scream burst from the room where the young smuggler was lying. The scream was repeated again and again, and then Fanny's voice was heard on the stairway, yelling:

"Have mercy—have mercy, good Larry, and I'll make atonement for my sins."

Lord Goff and several of the servants were aroused by the screams of the terrified girl, who ran up the stairway as she kept yelling:

"He is after me, and he swears he'll never forgive me for my treachery. Oh, mercy, mercy! Who'll save me from the ghost?"

Lord Goff slipped on his dressing-gown, and hastened out to see the terrified girl. At a word from their master, two of the male servants seized the terrified girl and dragged her down toward the room where the body had been lying. Lord Goff led the way into the room, holding a lamp in his hand, when he at once exclaimed:

"There has been some treachery here, as the young rascal's body has disappeared!"

CHAPTER IX.—Was He Dead or Alive?

Lord Goff turned to the servants and ordered them to examine the doors and windows, and to search the castle thoroughly. He then turned to the girl again and demanded, in very stern tones:

"Now tell me exactly what happened."

"I will—I will. I was sitting there beside the dead body and moaning over what I had done, when Larry raised his head with his eyes wide open, and called me a traitor for hunting him to death."

"What did you do then?"

"I sprang to the door screeching with all my might, and the ghost up from the table and after me swearing he'd haunt me dead or alive forever. Oh, what could have happened to him at all, if it isn't a miracle, his rising from the dead?"

Lord Goff seized the girl by the shoulders, and shook her in a very rough manner, as he cried:

"Seize that hussy and hold her as a prisoner, while I search for the vagabond smuggler. He can't be far away, if he has left the house at all."

The excited man then hastened out of the room to institute a search for Larry inside and outside of the castle.

"What's all this uproar about?" cried a manly voice, as Edgar Goff strode in through the front hallway.

"Come in here and I will tell you, Edgar," cried Lord Goff, as he seized Fanny again. "Didn't I tell you fools to hold this girl?"

"She almost ate my hand off, my lord," groaned one of the men, who had seized the rough girl.

"And I'll blow your head off if you don't hold her, you cowardly donkey."

"You can't hold me yourself!" yelled the strong girl, as she flung Lord Goff against the wall and darted out through the front door.

"After her and seize her!" yelled the enraged lord, with a fearful imprecation.

"Take me if you can, you old humbug!" yelled Fanny, as she dashed down the lawn, "as I am away to meet brave Larry, be he dead or alive."

The two male servants dashed after the flying girl, and Lord Goff drew his son into the library to give him a hurried account of the incidents of the night.

"What do you think of it, Edgar?" he demanded at the conclusion, "as we were all certain that the young rascal was dead."

"I hope he isn't, sir, and I believe that he was only stunned for the time being."

"Then that treacherous girl assisted in his escape, as she was in great grief over his death."

"I think she believed him dead, as I am certain that she has acted in good faith with us up to the present."

"Then you do not think that she assisted in his escape?"

"I do not. She may have been conscious-stricken when she thought him dead, and she was not playing a part just now, as she acted like a mad girl to me. In any case, I hope the young fellow has escaped."

"Why do you say that, Edgar?"

"Because I want to meet him on equal terms, as I told you before, and my little vessel is in the bay below now on the watch for his lugger."

The young sailor then hastened out to the stable to get a horse as he said to himself:

"I must find this wild girl, and learn what information she has for me about the lugger, as she must be coming to the coast very soon again when her captain appears here."

The young seaman had scarcely mounted a horse when the booming of a cannon down in the bay startled him, and he dashed headlong toward the coast, muttering:

"Can it be that the lugger is coming in now, and it is just the night for her? I must get on board as soon as possible and be prepared for the meeting. If I can take the little vessel before she lands her cargo, we will have a rich prize indeed."

While dashing along the road the young officer kept on the lookout for Fiery Fanny and the young smuggler, but he could not see anything of them. On reaching the little bay Edgar Goff perceived bright lights flashing up from the cliffs, and Bill Brown the coastguard ran down to him crying:

"Captain, captain, there is a small lugger hovering outside, and I am thinking it is the Merry Molly."

"I hope it is, my good fellow. Look out that the lugger does not land her cargo along the coast here."

While thus speaking Captain Goff, as he was then called, pushed off in his boat for his own little vessel. Captain Goff had called his little vessel the Vindicator, in the hope that he would retrieve and vindicate his own honor while in command of her. He had scarcely touched the deck of the little vessel when the anchor was weighed and her bow was turned out toward the ocean. At that moment Fiery Fanny was walking to and fro on a cliff about two miles up the coast, and staring out at the sea in a wild manner as she exclaimed:

"Larry, Larry, won't you tell me whether you are alive or dead, and I'll swear to you that I'll never turn on you again? If you are dead let your ghost appear to me and tell me what to do to save your lugger out there. If you are alive let me help you as I know that you have another hiding place about here somewheres."

The appeal was scarcely made when a voice under the cliff answered, crying:

"If you are sorry for your treachery you can make some amends now."

The wayward girl clapped her hands with delight and then cried:

"Living or dead that's brave Larry's voice; and what am I to do, my darling boy?"

"Bend down over here and take the red lantern you find on a pole. Raise the pole aloft and wave it to and fro several times."

"I will, I will, my good Larry, whether you be dead or alive."

While thus speaking the impulsive girl bent down over the cliff and seized the pole handed up to her.

At the top of that pole was a bright red lantern, and she waved it aloft several times, as she cried aloud:

"I am doing your bidding, Larry, dead or alive, and what is the meaning of it?"

"I want to warn the lugger away to-night, as we must land the cargo before we fight."

"But are you living or dead, Larry?"

"I will answer that question to-morrow night, if you come here at the same hour or a little later, when the tide is high."

CHAPTER X.—False Once, False Always.

Somewhat late on the following afternoon the pretended old artist was engaged in sketching near the old abbey again, but an observer could see that his mind was not on his work. Every now and again he would cast his eyes around, and mutter aloud:

"I was in hopes that he would come here, but I fear that he's too weak, if he is not really dead. Oh, what I have suffered since last night!"

A rough-looking old peasant was strolling along the cliffs at the time, and peering out at the little vessel in the bay. On perceiving the pretended old artist, the peasant cast a cautious glance around, and then walked leisurely toward the old abbey, muttering:

"The darling girl is impatient about me, and she is here again. If this trip is successful and I can coax her away, we'll soon be happy in another land."

The disguised girl looked wistfully at the old peasant as he drew near, and her eyes brightened as she said to herself:

"It is Larry himself! And isn't he bold and clever to be out again when they are searching for him all around here?"

The disguised young smuggler advanced to within about a dozen steps of the girl he loved, as he remarked:

"Sure, and it's lonesome for you out here in the graveyard, old gentleman."

Martha nodded and cast another cautious glance around before she responded, saying:

"You can speak freely, you daring wretch, as no one is near, but keep at a distance."

Larry kept his distance as he inquired:

"Did you see Fanny to-day?"

"I did not, and I never wish to see her again, as she is a treacherous girl."

"She was treacherous, but she is a true friend of mine now, you may be sure."

"I don't believe a word of it. False once, false always, is my motto, and I would not trust that girl where the life of a dog was at stake."

"I know you are mistaken, dear Martha, but we will not argue that point at present, and I now want to ask you a serious question."

"What is it, you rogue? But first tell me the secret of your escape last night, and were you not seriously injured at all?"

"I was stunned for the time, as two bullets struck me on the head, and I did not recover until I found myself lying in that room in the castle with Fanny watching over me."

"Did you mean to frighten her as you did?"

"I did that, as I knew she only wanted a good lesson to bring her to her senses, as she is a good girl at heart after all."

"I don't believe it; but what is it you want to say to me?"

"This much, my darling. The lugger came on the coast last night ahead of time, but she will land her cargo to-night in a cave about two miles above the village."

"Oh, you daring wretch, how can you make the venture while they are all on the watch for you?"

"I will humbug them through Fanny and lead them down the coast while we are landing above. When the cargo is safe I will go out to fight Captain Goff, as I promised him."

"You are mad! You are mad!" exclaimed the girl; "as he has the worst set of fiends that he could muster under him."

"I don't care if they were really fiends, as I must keep my promise."

"You speak as if you were certain of defeating Edgar Goff, you vain fellow."

"I am only certain that my men will fight to the death for me, and I'll match them against the English desperadoes every day in the week. What if I should aid you in punishing Lord Goff, will you fly with me, my own darling?"

"Yes, yes, I will. My dear mother is living a wretched life at present, and only another person and myself know that she is living at all."

"Then it is settled that you will fly with me when he is punished?"

"Yes, I consent to that! but oh, I do wish that you would avoid this fight with Edgar Goff, as he has sworn to take your vessel and slay you."

A confident smile appeared on the face of the disguised smuggler as he answered:

"He was certain of doing that when he attacked me in the cave, and I proved to be more than his match. I will away now, as I see a coastguard watching us."

"One word before you go, Larry."

"What is it, my darling?"

"I warn you to beware of Fanny Donovan, as she cannot be true when she was once false."

"I will heed your warning, my darling, but I firmly believe that the poor girl would die for me now. Don't forget me if we never meet again."

"I can never forget you, Larry, and I will pray for you until I hear that you are safe again."

The disguised smuggler moved away toward the high road, and Martha finished her sketching soon after, and turned toward the village, muttering:

"I feel in my heart that the treacherous girl will betray him again, if she gets the chance."

At that moment a man's hand appeared above one of the ruined walls of the abbey, and the fellow chuckled to himself as he muttered aloud:

"And so that is the nice game, is it? Miss Martha Goff is going about disguised as an old

painter, and Larry of the Lantern is colloquing with her. Oh, won't I see Captain Goff at once, and tell him every word I heard! My name is not Bill Brown if I don't win promotion now, and a big reward as well, and we will see whether Fanny Donovan plays true or false to us."

The coastguard chuckled again, while he kept peering out over the wall, but his triumphant gloatings were interrupted by hearing a step behind him, and then a boyish figure sprang at him with a heavy stick upraised, while a harsh voice cried:

"I'll show you who she's false to!"

Martha Goff was walking slowly along toward the village, at a gait befitting her assumed character, when she heard hurried footsteps behind her, and a rough voice addressed her, saying:

"You left something behind you at the abbey, sir."

Martha turned and saw a boy in very ragged garments, with a soiled face, and his cap pulled down over his eyes, while she mentally exclaimed:

"It is Fanny Donovan herself, and could she have been listening to what we said?"

Calming herself as much as possible, Martha then addressed the red-haired girl in assumed tones, and inquired:

"What have I left behind me, lad?"

"Come back, and you will see, Miss Martha. Don't stare, as I know you, and I want to prove to you that I can be false once and not false always."

"How can you prove that, and were you listening to what we said awhile ago?"

"I was listening, and so was someone else, who would have betrayed brave Larry of the Lantern to death."

"Who was that?"

"Bill Brown, the coast-guard, who hates him like poison, and who was spying on the pair of you from over the abbey wall when he heard every word you said."

"Mercy on me, and where is he now?"

"He is there still, and you come and have a look at him, when you will see that while I was false to Larry once, I will be true to him now to death."

Martha retraced her steps with the wild girl as she gasped forth:

"I can't understand you. If the coast-guard is there now, why should we go back?"

"Come in here, and you will see."

Fiery Fanny drew the trembling girl in behind the old wall, and pointed to a man lying on the ground as she exclaimed:

"There's how I am treacherous to Larry always; and will you do as much for him?"

Martha glared down at the senseless man, and then drew back with a cry of horror, gasping forth:

"Merciful goodness, have you killed him?"

"He is not dead, but I will kill fifty men before I would let them betray Larry now, and I'll prove to you yet that I can be as true as I was treacherous when the evil one had a hold on me!"

CHAPTER XI.—Larry Appears in Time.

"What could have become of Bill Brown, as the fellow told me he discovered something of importance this afternoon?"

The question was addressed to another coast-guard by Captain Goff, as they stood on the high cliff above the village and looked out toward the sea. The man thus addressed rubbed his head as he answered:

"I am sure I can't tell you, your honor."

A ragged boy ran up the cliff at the time as if in great haste and addressed Captain Goff, saying:

"I have a message for you, captain, but I want to speak it into your own ear."

"Come this way with me and say it then."

Fanny led the way along the cliff until they were well out of hearing of the coast-guard, and she then said in jubilant tones:

"I have great news for you, sir."

"First, tell me where you have been since you ran away from the castle like a mad woman last night," said the young officer, in stern tones, while he bent a suspicious glance on the girl.

"To be sure I will. I was mad with myself when I fled from the castle last night, thinking that it was Larry's ghost I saw."

"Then you are certain now that it wasn't?"

"I am that, sir."

"You know where he is then?"

"I do that, as I was with him last night after I fled from the castle."

"What made you take on so about his death last night if you really hated him so much?"

"His mad love for Miss Martha Goff, and he could not talk about anything else but her."

"Did you really become friends, then?"

"We did; and he believed that I was true to him because he heard me moaning over him when I thought he was dead."

"When does he expect the lugger in again?"

"This very night at high tide."

"What was the meaning of the red light we saw flashing from the cliffs up the coast last night?"

"I couldn't tell you if it wasn't that some of the smugglers' friends were up there to warn them to keep away, as you know that a red light means danger."

"Are you certain that the lugger will come in to-night?"

"I am certain, captain."

"And that she will strike for a point below here?"

"That's the plan as sure as you live, sir."

"It is a lie, you murderous, lying hussy," cried a fierce voice, as Bill Brown sprang over the old wall and darted at the girl.

The wild girl sent forth a yell of defiance and bounded away, crying:

"To the mischief I pitch you, and hurrah for Larry of the Lantern to my dying day."

"Shoot her, shoot her, or she'll get away to warn Larry of the lugger!" yelled Bill Brown, as he ran after Captain Goff.

The young officer did fire, and Fanny staggered forward and fell to the ground crying:

"Bad cess to you, but you struck me in the leg, and I'll be lame for life."

A crouching figure stood behind a rock at the top of the cliff at the time, and then an earnest voice rang out, crying:

"I know you are true now, Fannie, and my word on it but I will rescue you."

"That is Larry of the Lantern himself," cried Bill Brown, "and let us up at the villain."

CHAPTER XII.—The Smuggler's Bold Work.

Captain Goff darted up the hill and he soon sent forth a shrill whistle, which was answered by one of his men, about half a dozen of whom were loitering around the village tavern. The coast-guard sent forth a shrill cry also, and the man who had been with Captain Goff hastened along the cliff, crying aloud:

"I spy a small vessel standing off the shore. What is the ruction here?"

"This way, Jack," answered Bill Brown, "and look out for Larry of the Lantern along here."

Captain Goff was the first to reach the top of the cliff from whence Larry had hailed them. Holding another loaded pistol in his right hand, the young officer sprang behind a huge rock, crying aloud:

"Where are you now, Captain Lawrence, and I am here to meet you man to man."

There was no response to the question, and Bill Brown cried:

"That's the spot where the rogue went down after the young eagle, and he must have some hiding place down there."

Captain Goff knelt and peered down over the cliff, as he remarked:

"But he couldn't get down without a rope, and there's none here."

The young officer then sprang to his feet and looked out toward the ocean, as he inquired:

"What's that you said about a vessel out there?"

"I could swear I saw a sail out there a few minutes ago, when the moon peeped out a little."

"She must have escaped into the old abbey," cried Captain Goff. "Brown, you take two of my fellows here and go down and look for her."

Bill Brown was moving down toward the abbey with three of the sailors, when he turned suddenly and cried out:

"Captain Goff, I have news that I should tell you about at once."

"Then out with it."

The coast-guard then went on to tell about the meeting of Larry of the Lantern and the disguised young lady near the old abbey that evening. Captain Goff became very much excited on hearing about the meeting of the disguised young lady and Larry of the Lantern, and he was terribly enraged on learning that Martha had some secret object in remaining at the castle.

"The treacherous girl," he exclaimed, but in subdued tones. "My father took care of her when she was a little beggar, and he has brought her up as he would a daughter of his own."

"That he has, sir," responded Bill Brown.

"Do you mean to tell me that she spoke of her mother as being alive?"

"I do that, and that she was acting under her mother's instructions now in remaining at the castle when the young rogue wanted her to run away with him. But I have more to tell you still, captain."

"Out with it, then."

"The lugger is to land about two miles above the village at high tide this very night."

Calling off his men, Captain Goff hastened down to the bay to sail out in the Vindicator. Bill Brown hastened into the abbey with three of the

coast-guards and several of the dismounted dragoons. They made a thorough search for the wounded girl through the old ruins, in the vaults, and in the graveyard as well. They could not find a trace of Fanny, as that clever girl had found shelter in the old cave by means of the passage through the vault.

Fearing that the smugglers would land their goods on the upper coast if they delayed in that neighborhood much longer, Bill Brown hastened away with the coast-guard and the dragoons, to keep a strict watch in that direction. When Fanny entered the Saint's Shelter she perceived a green light burning at the outer entrance, and she started back as she exclaimed:

"Mercy on me, is there some one here?"

"I am here, Fanny," answered Larry of the Lantern, as he stepped out to confront the wayward girl. "And were you not wounded at all?"

"The mischief a wound."

"Then what did you fall that way-for and yell out?"

"Because I was in dread that he'd hit me the next shot, as he came very close to me at the first, and I knew I could humbug them afterward. What are you burning that green light there for?"

"To show the lugger where to come."

"But what if Captain Goff puts out, as I heard Jack Burke saying he spied a sail off the coast?"

"Captain Goff is putting off now, but he will steer up the coast, and the lugger will slip in here in the dark and land her cargo, while the pack-horses and men will be ready in the graveyard at midnight to whip away the goods."

"You are a wonderful chap entirely, and it is in command of a frigate you should be."

The young smuggler gave the girl some instructions, and she set about following them in the most active manner. Larry withdrew the green light for the time and then hastened out to watch for the disappearance of Bill Brown and the others.

While the neighborhood was clear of his enemies, the bold young smuggler went up on the top of the cliff, from whence he could see Captain Goff's little vessel sailing out of the bay. He waited until he perceived his enemy rounding a headland that shut him out from sight, and he then drew a green lantern from under his coat, and waved it again and again as he muttered aloud:

"The boys on the lugger can see this, but Captain Goff can't. Now for a cloud over the moon, and the bold stroke will be successful."

Larry was still waving the lantern aloft when he heard a stealthy footstep behind him, and he turned to see a pistol presented at his head, while a harsh voice cried out:

"Surrender, you rascal, or I will make a corpse of you this time in earnest."

The person holding the pistol was no other than Lord Goff. Just then the pistol was struck from the lord's hand by the pretended old artist, who had come up unseen. Then the old lord was made a prisoner and taken to the old abbey. In the meantime the smuggler had landed her cargo, slipping by the Vindicator in the darkness. After discharging her cargo the Merry Molly put out to sea, where she was seen by the Vindicator and soon a sea battle was on. The battle waged fiercely on both sides, and after a while both

vessels came together and Larry of the Lantern boarded the English vessel and challenged Captain Goff to mortal combat. Both crews fell back to make room for the contestants.

CHAPTER XIII.—Stealing on the Lugger.

The watchers on shore were as much excited as those on the deck of the lugger. Lord Goff, who had been released from captivity, held a glass in his hand, and he was watching the struggle with intense interest, as he muttered aloud:

"They are at it hot and heavy, and Captain Goff is forcing the rascal back on the deck. No, no! The infernal young scoundrel is holding his own. Confound it all! he is driving Edgar back now!"

Captain Lawrence was forcing the fight at the moment, and the English sailors watching him were trembling for the result, one of them crying:

"Blow my eyes, captain, but the young fellow is too much for you, I fear."

A loud voice was heard at the moment coming from under the bow of the lugger, crying:

"Make haste and finish him, Captain Lawrence, as the English cutter is bearing down on you."

Captain Lawrence cast an eye along the coast at the moment, and a cry of rage burst from him as he perceived the English cutter. A triumphant cry burst from Captain Goff, and he struck at his rival with still greater force, as he yelled out:

"I'll down you now, and we'll then string you up to the yard-arm, you infernal pirate."

"Down you go," yelled the young smuggler, as his eyes blazed with rage and indignation.

While thus speaking he parried the blow aimed at himself and struck back with such precision and force as to send the sword flying from his enemy's hand, and forcing him to his knees at the same time.

"Do you surrender now? Refuse, and I will cleave you on the instant."

"I surrender," groaned the defeated man. "My lads, fate is against me, but we will be rescued soon, as here comes the revenue cutter."

"Secure your prisoners, and jump to part the vessels," yelled Captain Lawrence. "Be lively now, boys, and we will laugh at the rogues who tried to steal a march on us."

At that moment Martha Goff sprang up on the deck of the vessel, crying:

"Thank fortune, Lawrence, that you are victor. Away with you now, as I came out to warn you that the English revenue cutter was coming after you."

The young smuggler sprang to clasp the hand by the faithful girl, as he responded, saying:

"Then you must come with me now, as you cannot return again."

"I must return, as I am sworn to remain in Goff Castle until a certain event occurs."

"Then away with you at once, and I will seek you on shore soon again."

The young girl hastened into the fishing-boat in which she had come out to warn her lover, and she then prevailed on two of the old fishermen to row her out to the little vessels. The English sailors were secured and placed under hatches as quick

as possible. A prize crew was placed on board the *Vindicator*, and the two little vessels parted. The revenue cutter was still two miles away when the lugger and her prize got under sail, and away they went along the coast, each bearing the French flag.

Lord Goff uttered a fearful groan as he saw the vessels sailing along. He cast another anxious glance out at the two little vessels, both of which were skimming along up the coast in a very lively manner. At that moment a gun went off on the deck of the lugger, and the baffled man groaned forth:

"The impudent scoundrel is defying the cutter, and he will escape."

Some of the people standing a good distance away from the soldiers sent up a wild shout on perceiving the two little vessels bearing the French flags sailing away before a good breeze, and an old fisherman cried:

"Glory be to goodness, but our Larry of the Lantern is the bravest boy that ever sailed around here."

Martha Goff landed in the bay at the moment, and she at once hastened up to the cliff to watch the vessels out at sea. Martha lingered on the cliff until the little vessels were out of sight, although she noticed that some of the dragoons were casting angry glances at her. As she turned toward the old abbey, she saw Lord Goff riding away toward the castle, and she said to herself:

"I should not venture to the castle again, but I must keep my pledge at all risk."

Martha then hastened to where her horse was standing, and was soon galloping away across the country. On reaching the wooded road about a mile from the castle, two masked men sprang out in front of her, and one of them seized her horse while the other dragged her from the horse, crying out in gruff tones:

"Young miss, you must come with us."

CHAPTER XIV.—Martha As A Prisoner.

When the young girl was dragged from the horse, the other masked man released his grasp on the bridle, and the animal bounded forward at a gallop. Martha struggled until her captors bound her arms, and they then bore her along through the wood. They soon struck out on an old road where a covered car was standing, and the girl was placed in the vehicle.

She was then borne along for over an hour, when the car drew up on the outskirts of the town, and the young girl was taken into an old house standing well back from the road. The two men then dragged her into a strong room at the back of the house, and the bandage was removed from her eyes, and the gag also, but her arms were not released. The two men then retired from the room, locking the door after them, and the young girl dropped on a chair, as she gasped forth:

"This is Lord Goff's work."

Martha cast her eyes round the room and she soon noticed that it was intended as a prison, as iron bars were placed on the windows, the shutters outside were closed, and the door was well secured.

The unhappy girl felt that she had made a mistake in not going away with her young lover. It

was fully nine o'clock that night when the door was opened and Lord Goff entered with a terrible scowl on his stern face. Closing and locking the door after him, the stern man addressed the young girl, saying:

"You thought you were very clever in playing the spy on me, but you see that you are detected."

Martha flashed up on the instant, and confronted the man as she cried:

"It is true that I was playing the spy on you, sir, but it was for a good purpose, and the advice of one who had the right to command me."

"You allude to your mother?"

"Yes, I allude to my mother. You thought she was dead, but she is still alive, and she is bent on having justice from you."

"Let your mother do her worst, you are in my power, and I will punish you by keeping you prisoner forever unless you consent to marry my son this very night."

The young girl burst out into a fit of laughter, before she cried:

"How can I marry your son to-night, when he is miles away to sea now?"

"Edgar is not at sea, and he is here in this very house at present. My son escaped from the lugger while the pirates were so excited at the prospects of being captured by the revenue cutter. He slipped overboard and swam to the headland without being noticed by them, and he is here now, ready to marry you. Refuse and I will place you in a dark cell of a madhouse and keep you there forever. I can prove that you are mad by your recent actions, the last of which was going out in a boat to-day to warn the smugglers of the approach of the cutter."

"Place me where you like, but I am certain that Captain Lawrence would soon rescue me, as something whispers to me that he will be back in Ireland soon again."

Martha Goff was right, as Larry of the Lantern was on the coast again that very evening, and he had an important object in making the daring visit.

CHAPTER XV.—Larry Puts Back Again.

After getting under full sail it was soon discovered that either of the smaller vessels could outstrip the English foe, while it was also apparent that the smuggling lugger could walk away from the *Vindicator*. When the wounded were tended to and the dead were consigned to ocean graves, Captain Lawrence retired to his cabin, where he expected to find his rival and late opponent.

Great was the young smuggler's surprise, however, on finding that his rival had disappeared. One of the sailors on the lugger then remembered that he had perceived a man swimming toward the shore soon after the fight, but he had not mentioned the fact, as he supposed that it was one of the crew of the *Vindicator*, and that one prisoner more or less would not make much matter.

Captain Lawrence then felt assured the escaped man was no other than Edgar Goff, and he felt alarmed for the safety of the young girl he loved. By this time the revenue cutter was almost out of sight, while the two smaller vessels

were sailing close together. After pondering for some time Captain Lawrence called Fanny into the cabin, and he then addressed the disguised girl:

"Would you be afraid to go back to your own home again with me?"

The bold girl smiled and promptly replied:

"I wouldn't be afraid of facing into Goff Castle with you if I would be of any service to you."

The brave young fellow then went on deck and addressed the men, saying:

"Boys, it is of great importance to me to return to Ireland as soon as possible, but I don't want to risk your lives again in a hurry."

"Never mind about us, captain," cried one of the men in hearty tones, "as I can swear that every man of us will willingly go where you say."

Captain Lawrence then signaled the other vessel, and they closed together as soon as possible. The English prisoners were removed on board the *Vindicator*, and placed in confinement there, and the young captain gave instructions to Paddy the Pirate about sailing the vessel to France. The two vessels then parted, the lugger sailing away to the west and the *Vindicator* keeping in her course.

By that time the revenue cutter had given up the chase, and she was making back to the Irish coast again. Late that night the lugger reached a small bay some twenty miles from Clovine. Early on the following morning an old gentleman and his servant rode up to the Goff Castle, the former inquiring for Lord Goff.

He was informed by the butler that Lord Goff was absent in the neighboring city, and that his son was with him. The old gentleman then inquired for Miss Martha Goff, telling the butler that he was an old friend of her father. The butler shook his head, and replied in sad tones, saying:

"The dear young lady disappeared yesterday morning in a very queer manner after looking at the sea-fight, and it is looking for her that Lord Goff and Master Edgar are now."

The old gentleman and servant then rode away from the castle and then proceeded toward the village. That servant was no other than Fiery Fanny, and she was thoroughly disguised with a full brown beard and a wig of the same hue. The old gentleman, it may be surmised, was Larry of the Lantern himself, and he was fixed up in the most thorough manner for the part he was playing. On reaching the tavern the first person that fell under their observation was Bill Brown, the rascally coast-guard, who was drinking with another rough fellow of the same class.

Fanny soon entered the tap-room of the tavern, and made herself very agreeable by treating Bill Brown and his friend and some other visitors. While thus engaged she made some sly inquiries about the fight, while she gave out that her master was very anxious to pay a quiet visit to the old abbey and to the cave known as the Saint's Shelter. Bill Brown then swore that he was the best guide that could be found to lead visitors to the famous place, when the disguised girl said:

"Me master will pay you well if you show him the queer cave where the smugglers did such funny work."

"Then I am your man," answered the half-

tipsy fellow, "as I know more about what took place around here lately than most people."

The bargain was made, and it was agreed that the old gentleman and his servant should start out with the coast-guard after breakfast. By that time Bill Brown was scarcely able to navigate, but he braced up under the promise of a large reward, and proceeded on foot toward the old abbey.

On reaching the abbey the horses were secured in the graveyard, and the old gentleman requested to be shown into the cave at once. Bill Brown led the way with the lantern, which he had brought with him for that purpose, and they were soon standing in the inner cave while Bill Brown said:

"This is the spot where the young villain Larry first fought Captain Goff, and I wouldn't wonder at all if they met here again, for the young gentleman is doing something now that will make the young rogue wild altogether."

"Pray what is that?" inquired the disguised smuggler.

"Faith, but he is going to marry that girl that Larry dotes on, and before very long either."

The young smuggler drew a pistol from his pocket on the instant, and presented it at the coast-guard, as he thundered forth in his natural tones:

"You infernal scoundrel, I am Larry of the Lantern, and I want to know where the young lady is at present. Answer me on the instant, or I will pay you for your treacherous work yesterday."

The disguised girl flung a rope over the fellow's neck at the same time, and then knocked him to the floor with a blow of her whip.

In less than ten minutes after Bill Brown made a full confession regarding the abduction, and he concluded by saying in the most abject tones:

"Don't kill me and I'll serve you like a dog hereafter."

CHAPTER XVI.—Some Exciting Scenes.

During the afternoon of the same day a woman who appeared to be about fifty years of age arrived at the village tavern and inquired for the old fisherman known as Tom Cullnane. She was very much disappointed on hearing that the old fisherman and his son had disappeared from the village, and that they were not likely to come back there again in a hurry. The stranger then made some inquiries about Lord Goff and his family, and she was deeply grieved on hearing that the young lady had been abducted on the previous day.

"Is Lord Goff at the castle?" she then inquired of the landlord as they were seated in a small parlor.

Before the landlord could answer the question Lord Goff himself entered the room and glared at the woman in an angry manner before he growled forth:

"You here, you mad creature?"

Lord Goff sprang forward and seized the woman as he cried:

"I thought you were dead for years past, but I will have you put in a safe place again."

"You cruel wretch, I came here to see my daughter, and you know that I am not mad. Where is my Martha?"

"What's all this trouble here?" inquired a mild voice, as the disguised Larry appeared at the threshold.

Lord Goff stared at the stranger and released his grasp on the woman, turning to his son as he inquired:

"Who is this person?"

The disguised Fanny appeared on the scene at the moment, as if attracted by the words, and she sidled over toward the young smuggler, as she said to him in very subdued tones:

"The boys are around now, and ready for anything."

"So am I, then," answered Larry, as he placed his hand on Martha's mother's shoulder, handing one of the pistols to Fanny.

He then turned to Lord Goff and said:

"I will tell you who I am, Lord Goff, as you call yourself."

The young man spoke in his natural tones, and Lord Goff and his son stared at him in amazement while the landlord cried:

"Blood an' 'oun's! If that isn't Larry of the Lantern's voice I'll eat my head off."

Larry flung off his disguise on the instant and confronted father and son as he cried:

"Yes, I am known as Larry of the Lantern, but you know my real name."

He then turned and addressed Martha's mother, saying:

"My dear Mrs. Goff, I received your letter just before I was compelled to sail out to fight that young gentleman, but I am back here now to defend you and to rescue your daughter. I received the papers you sent me also, which proved to me that I am the son of that man's eldest brother, and real heir to the estates now held by him. As to the title, I don't care a fig for it."

"You are an outlaw and a rebel," cried Lord Goff in fierce tones, "and I will have you hung before twenty-four hours are over. Edgar, summon assistance at once or the landlord will do it, while we assail this pirate."

"Landlord, don't you stir. Lord Goff, you and your son will listen to me for a few minutes, and then I will give you all the satisfaction necessary."

The landlord did not stir from the room, while the young smuggler continued, saying:

"If I should die to-morrow, as you both know, the young lady known as Martha Goff will be heiress to your estates, as she is my second cousin. You have no claim to them whatever, as you were not born in wedlock, and she will be the next of kin after me."

Lord Goff turned deadly pale on hearing the words thus spoken, while the strange woman patted the young smuggler on the back as she cried:

"That is the truth, as I know full well. My husband was that wretch's second cousin, and when he was dying he told me the secret of his birth. Your father perished at sea and you were rescued by a fisherman, who also found papers on you telling who you were."

"That is the truth," said Larry. "Old Tom Cullnane is here at present and he can prove that he found me in an open boat with my father, who was still alive at the time. My father told him

who I was, but he begged of him to say nothing about my birth until I was of age, fearing that the wicked man there would put me out of the way."

While the young man was thus speaking, Martha Goff rushed into the room and flung her arms around her mother's neck, crying:

"Oh, dear mother, they wanted to put me into a madhouse also, but brave Larry here rescued me."

The young girl then turned to Lord Goff and addressed him in scathing tones, crying:

"You thought to force me to marry your son, knowing that that would secure the estate, but I would die first. I would sooner have Larry here if he were a beggar, which he is not, and I will have you both punished for daring to abduct me and force me against my will into a madhouse."

While the young lady was speaking the man known as Lord Goff was addressing his son in the most earnest manner.

The young man then sprang out of the room and darted out to the front door, as he cried aloud:

"Help! help! all good people to secure the infernal smugglers in here!"

At that same moment old Tom Cullnane slipped into the little parlor, crying:

"Larry, Larry, my boy, the soldiers are riding this way and won't you be off?"

Larry darted toward Lord Goff and struck him a staggering blow in the face as he cried:

"If you are not cowards, let you and your son follow us to a fair field and we will give you satisfaction."

CHAPTER XVII.—Conclusion.

When Edgar Goff dashed back to the tavern with the troopers his father ran to the door to meet him, yelling:

"Dismount, men, and in with you here at once. The pirate has friend at his back."

The troopers were about ten in number, and they hastened to dismount while Lord Goff addressed his son, saying in subdued tones:

"We must slay the rascal and secure the papers he has about him. Shoot old Cullnane also if you get a chance, and the woman and girl will then be in our power."

It will seem strange that the two desperate men did not assail and attempt to slay them in the little parlor, but it must be remembered that the faithful Fanny stood at his side with a pistol in each hand, while the brave young smuggler himself was on the alert with his weapon. As they were both armed with swords and pistols, they led the troopers into the tavern in all haste, placing guards on the doors at the same time. Lord Goff had just given orders to dash into the parlor, when the landlord came before him, crying:

"Murder alive, my lord, the young rogue flew out the back way with the young lady and the strange woman, and he bid me tell you that he would meet you up on the top of the hill if you wanted to face him like a man."

One of the troopers at the front door then cried:

"There goes a mounted party up the hill with a young lady."

"Mount and pursue them then!" cried Lord Goff, as he hastened out in front to spring on his horse.

Edgar Goff had a horse ready also, and they were both soon leading the troopers up toward the cliff. Larry of the Lantern and his party could then be seen riding away toward the old abbey about a mile ahead.

"That woman is not with him, as I can only see one female form on horseback."

The young smuggler and his friends were well mounted, as Larry had prepared for that final adventure on the Irish coast. On forcing Bill Brown to tell him where Martha was the young man rode away with Fanny to the rescue, leaving Bill Brown well secured in the cave. With the aid of some friends in the town they forced their way into the house where the young girl was confined, and they then rode directly for the castle with the intention of having it out with Lord Goff and his son. On reaching the castle with the young girl the young smuggler found that Lord Goff and his son had ridden down to the village, and it was determined to follow them.

While Larry entered the tavern, his friends, all of whom wore masks, kept in a small wood at the back. The young smuggler was then prepared to ride away at a moment's notice, and he did so, bearing Martha away with him, while the young girl's mother remained at the tavern in a private room. On reaching an elevated spot near the old abbey, Larry and old Cullnane drew up while the others rode on some distance. At that moment Lord Goff and his son, being mounted on thoroughbred horses, had outstripped the troopers.

"I will encounter him first, father, as he offers us single combat."

"Use your pistol on him, then," yelled the old man, "and I will slay the other rascal."

Larry dashed back to meet his young foe, and the latter firing when they were within range, as he cried:

"Death to the rebel pirate."

"Death to the impostor," yelled Larry, who fired a moment later.

The brave young smuggler was uninjured by the shot from his foe, but the latter flung up his hands and fell from his horse, crying:

"I am done for, father, and you avenge me."

"I will, I will," cried the old wretch, as he fired his pistol.

The ball struck Larry's horse in the foreleg, and the animal staggered forward. The young man sprang from his back, and fired at his old foe, as he cried:

"That will settle our account, I think."

The old lord fell back from the saddle with a groan, while Larry sprang and seized his son's horse, as he cried:

"Away with you now, as our work here is finished."

The words were addressed to old Tom Cullnane, who was galloping to the assistance of his adopted son. Then away up the hill dashed Larry and the old fisherman, the former crying his friends above.

"Ride away with you now, as this will be my last fight on the Irish coast for the present."

Larry and his friends rode away at full speed, and the young fellow soon addressed Martha, saying:

"I hope you won't refuse to come with me now."

"Did you kill them both, you wicked fellow?" inquired the young girl.

"I put them out of mischief for the time, I think."

"Then I must remain here for the present and take care of my mother and the estate; but I promise to go to you in France when affairs are settled."

"I must be satisfied with that. But don't forget that I have made all my right over to you, whether I ever meet you again or not."

"I'll never forget your kindness and your bravery, and I will pray for you until we meet again."

Larry and his friends soon outstripped the mounted troops, and they were on board the lugger soon after night set in. The lugger sailed away at high tide, and Martha returned to the village, accompanied by Fiery Fanny, who was disguised as an old woman. On reaching the village they learned that Edgar Goff had been slain in the encounter, and that his father had received a wound which would prove mortal. The man so long known as Lord Goff died within a few days after, and he confessed that he was an impostor, being an illegitimate son. He also asserted before witnesses that Martha Goff was the true heiress of the estate, and that he had persecuted her mother because the woman knew his secret.

When Martha secured the estate in her own right the war was over, and she then hastened to France to be united to the youth who had made himself famous on the Irish coast as Larry of the Lantern. Fiery Fanny accompanied her, and the red-haired girl lived with the happy pair for many years after. Martha's mother also resided with the young people, and then all hastened to America to settle down there. Paddy the Pirate and old Cullnane accompanied their young friend to the western world, and the former often declared that brave Larry was fit to command a frigate or a fleet, from the way in which he fought the English on the Irish coast.

Next week's issue will contain "MY CHUM CHARLIE; or, THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TWO NEW YORK BOYS."

THE LARGEST BALL A-ROLLING

What is declared to be the largest ball in the world, a huge inflated sphere covered with red, white and blue leather, will be rolled out of Chicago on a tour of the country. The ball will be kept rolling by Boy Scouts, students of the citizens' military training camps and other patriotic organizations, to arouse sentiment in favor of the training camps conducted by the Government each summer. It is figured that it will take eighteen months for the ball to make the circuit that is mapped out.

CURRENT NEWS

KILLED BY FLYWHEEL

Albert Hansell, seventy-eight, was killed in Mount Holly, N. J., in the cold storage plant of his fruit farm, near Rancocas, when he was caught in the large flywheel of a gasoline engine. He went into the plant to start the engine. Members of the family found him dead alongside the huge revolving wheel.

MISSOURIAN TELLS TIME BY PICTURES OF FAMILY

A man in Missouri has a watch with tiny photographs of the members of his family pasted over its numerals.

The pictures represent his wife, himself and their ten children. Every time he pulls out the timepiece he has the unique pleasure of seeing his entire family, says the *Detroit News*.

He himself is 1 o'clock, and his wife is 2 o'clock. The children are arranged in the order of their birth, beginning with the oldest at 3 o'clock and continuing around to midnight, or noon, as you please, to the baby of the family.

A PIGEON MYSTERY

Residents of Birmingham, Ala., have an unsolved mystery in the invisible obstacle which prevented a flock of pigeons passing overhead from continuing a straight course. Time after time the birds essayed the passage, but at the particular point swerved and returned to renew the attempt. Whether it was fumes from a stack or a peculiar deflection of the wind from some building is not known and the pigeons couldn't tell.

A WHITE CROW

According to Charles Hutchins, naturalist, a pure white albino crow was captured by Joseph Cummings, a student at a Denver, Col., high school. "I believe it is the only pure white crow in existence," Mr. Hutchins is quoted. "It has been known that such a bird existed, because a few have been found dead and now are in museums in the East. The bird is pure white and in perfect health. It has not a colored or black feather on it. It even has albino eyes."

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In addition to all this there are numerous short articles such as "A Fandit de Luxe," "Bomb Explodes in Auto," "The Cashier Didn't Know Her," "Attempts to Hold Up a Policeman," "How Crime Is Bred," "Theatre Thieves" and "Radio Catches a Fugitive."

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CHAPTER XXII.

Some Mysteries Cleared.

Then he looked elsewhere but saw nothing of the man, and at last, after a wait of ten minutes, the train went on, the conductor having decided to let the wrecking train sent out from below do the work of repairing the track and getting up the cars, caring for the injured and identifying the dead, if there were any, while he continued his run.

Reaching the station they had left, Dick learned that word had been sent to the other stations and that instructions had come from an important junction for them to proceed as rapidly as possible and leave the way open for wrecking trains.

Miss Tryphena had no objection to riding in the train under those circumstances, and in a short time they were off at an increased speed, Mark saying to Dick as they sat alone:

"I am very sorry this thing happened, but glad that nothing happened to us. By the way, have you seen Ildone?"

"No; and I am afraid something has happened to him, although the porter said that he had gone to the dining-car."

"Why, he was in the smoker all the time," said Mark, "and he is there now, or was five minutes ago."

"Are you sure?" asked Dick.

"Certainly. If you don't believe it go back and look."

Dick did so and found the man quietly enjoying a cigar and looking as if nothing could trouble his conscience in the least.

"Sit down, Dodge," said the man. By the way, did you know they had discovered the man who killed Foxy Wilmot?"

"Oh, I knew that long ago," Dick replied, whereupon Ildone simply laughed and blew out a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"What are you laughing at, Ildone?" asked Dick Dodge, somewhat nettled at the man's manner. "Do you remember the dinner at Mrs. Gisborne's in New York on the eighteenth of last month?"

"Perfectly. I was there, and a very good company was in attendance. It was one of the swell affairs of the season."

"You looked particularly black at Wilmot during the dinner, and after it you had words with him in the conservatory."

"Yes, I know that I did. Sit down, Dick. It is much more agreeable than standing."

"You said to him: 'I could kill you for that, did you not?'"

"I believe I did, or something like it. I was very angry at the time."

"And then the lights went out."

"So they did. It seemed very strange."

"And Foxy Wilmot fell on the floor. I was there and kneeled beside him. Then you said that you would have to go, and that the steamer was the best thing. Do you remember that?" said Dick, still standing.

"Yes, of course. I took the steamer, as you know."

"Then you killed the man," said Dick. "You did not know I was there, but I was, and now——"

"Oh, no, I did not," interrupted Ildone, carelessly. "I will admit that I thought I did, and got away in a hurry so as to avoid trouble. It was not my hand that killed him, although for a long time I thought so. You were trying to get hold of me, weren't you? You did not care anything for a trip around the world?"

"No, I did not. You knew that I was after you, although you kept talking about the trip around the world. That was only a bluff."

"Yes, I suspected what you were after. I might have told you so, but I thought I would wait. I kept ahead of you also. An arrest would have been very awkward. At any rate, you have enjoyed Miss Renton's society, if not that of Miss Tryphena. You ought to be satisfied."

"And you did not kill Foxy Wilmot?"

"No, I did not, although I admit that I felt angry enough to do it at the time. The man was a thorough rascal, but I am glad I had nothing to do with it."

"How do you expect me to believe that?" asked Dick, who still stood, there being no one near to hear what was said. "You were the only person in the conservatory besides Wilmot. And you had just said——"

"I was not the only person there," replied Ildone, quietly. "Sit down. I have something to show you."

Dick took a seat in front of the other who took an envelope from his pocket, drew a slip of paper from that and handed it to the young man.

It was a cable message sent to Vladivostock, addressed to Horace Ildone, and read as follows:

"Ildone, Vladivostock. Brittmar confesses to murder. Has committed suicide. Safe to come on. BRITTON."

"Here is another," said Ildone, when he saw by Dick's blank expression that he had read the message.

Dick took the slip which was addressed to himself at Vancouver, and read:

"Dodge, Vancouver. Let Ildone alone. Murder was committed by Brittmas. Just received full confession. BRITTON."

"That's my boss," muttered Dick. "How did you get hold of this message? It is addressed to me."

"You did not go there and I collected it," laughed Ildone. "I have been holding it back. Now do you believe me?"

(To be continued.)

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER" STOPS NOISY WORKMAN

The workman refused to stop his pounding during the school assembly exercises at a Springfield, Mass., school. He'd "had his orders" and he wasn't going to stop at the request of any school principal. The principal could hardly make himself heard above the din. Suddenly he had a happy thought and announced, "We'll all sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

Up rose the entire audience and the workman dropped his tools to stand at attention. By the time the song was finished the 12 o'clock whistle blew and the workman "beat it to chow."

MEANEST THIEF TAKES BABY CARRIAGE

When it was recently reported to the police that some miscreant had stolen the wheels from a baby carriage, apparently for the rubber tires with which they were equipped, it was thought that the "meanest" theft had been uncovered; but there's apparently a meaner thief still, ready to ply his trade which includes the appropriation of not only the wheels of a baby carriage but the entire carriage and its contents.

For, according to a report filed at headquarters recently, when Mrs. E. J. Lavigne, of Oxford street, Lawrence, Mass., went into an Essex street store to do some shopping, she parked her baby carriage on the sidewalk outside, but when she emerged from the emporium the carriage had disappeared.

Police officials are of the opinion that it was lucky that Mrs. Lavigne instead of leaving her baby in the carriage took it with her into the store.

THE BANDIT OF THE AMAZON

Along the upper tributaries of the Great Amazon River that like a knife cuts across the continent of South America, live animals, birds and fish that are exotic, strange and uncanny.

In the turgid waters, through the swamps that steam with the heat of a tropical sun, in air so still that death is noise contrasted with it, through forests that are ancient, immense, tangled and forbidding, dwell innumerable creatures of nature, wonderful and horrible.

Among these creatures are the pirarucu that is sometimes 250 pounds in weight; alligators, large and small; the araya or the sting-ray; the kandiroo, a fish that penetrates human flesh and is fatal; the sucurujus, which are supposed by the Indians to possess hypnotic powers. But as curious as any of these and more deadly than most is the Piranha fish, the scientific name of which is *Serraselfus piraya*. This even more than the alligator is dreaded by the natives. Its ferocity is boundless. It attacks other fish and takes mouthfuls out of their fins and tails. Its size is not much larger than that of a herring; but it often attacks en masse men bathing in the Amazon.

Swimmers in the tributaries of this river are wary of these creatures, for they shoot forward suddenly, bite the arms, the legs and then retreat to a short distance waiting to rush forward again. Their teeth are so sharp that they have been known to bite off the ends of paddles as these were drawn through the water astern of the boat. A tapir caught by a South American traveler had had its nose bitten off by this fish and when the prizes of the hunt are floated through the water behind the hunter's canoe, natives must stand guard over their prize or else they will discover at the end of the journey that their hunting has been of no avail; the piranha will have devoured the hunter's prize completely.

The physiology of the piranha fish is admirably equipped for its role as bandit of the river. It is narrow from side to side, it is not too large for speed and within its jaws are teeth, lancet-shaped, as sharp as those of a shark.

So knifelike are the teeth of this fish that the natives of Guiana use them as sharpeners for the tiny arrows they use in their blow guns. The Indians draw the arrows back and forth between two of the teeth and make in this way an arrow of deadly sharpness. This arrow is often dipped in poison and is one of the oldest and most primitive of Indian weapons.

The piranha fish has two other names. It is often known as the caribe, and some tribes called it the pirai.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

RADIO STYLES CHANGE

Two years ago when radio first became known to the man on the street there was a general belief among laymen that some new idea would soon come out and upset all the principles previously discovered in this new art of communication. But nothing of the kind has happened, and in this respect radio is repeating the history of other inventions.

Take the telephone, for example. The telephone is fundamentally the same today as the first model which Alexander Graham Bell produced. Likewise the principle of the steam engine is the same now as when Robert Fulton made the first steamboat. Hardly ever has a great invention later undergone a fundamental change in the principles underlying it. Obsolescence comes in styles, but not in principles. Refinements are made, costs cut and parts made simpler and more rugged, but no revolutionary change occurs.

The same is true of radio. Circuits that gave good results two years ago give good results now, although simpler circuits have been developed, using fewer controls.

It is a fact that the public is now buying higher grade parts than they were a year or two ago, but they are still buying well known, tried and true brands.

Five years ago a certain small concern produced an amplifying transformer which was the first offered for general sale to the public. Today that transformer is identical with the one first produced and its efficiency as well as its slogan have become famous. This manufacturer has developed the so-called reflex circuit to a point where any one can put together a set which will bring in broadcasting stations within a thousand miles radius and do so on a loud speaker.

DAILY CHARGING

The selection of a storage battery for operating the detector and amplifier tubes in a radio receiver depends primarily upon the facilities for charging the battery and upon the number of tubes and the length of time each day the tubes are in operation. For some single tube receivers the currents necessary to heat the filament is approximately one ampere and if the set is to be operated for three hours each day the total discharge of the battery a day will be three ampere hours. On this basis a storage battery having a total capacity of sixty ampere hours would supply the required amount of filament currents for a period of twenty days; if, however, a receiver employing three tubes is used the total discharge of the battery a day under the same conditions will be nine ampere hours and the battery will require charging in approximately seven days.

It is apparent, therefore, that if the amount of current drawn from a battery is large frequent recharging will be necessary. In addition to the expense considerable inconvenience results in the transportation of a battery to and from a service station, due to the weight and also to the fact

that the set is inoperative while the battery is being charged. If a battery of large amperage is selected the charging periods will not be as frequent, but the weight is considerably increased; for example, an eighty ampere hour battery six volt acid type weighs about 27 pounds while a 120 ampere hour battery weighs 58 pounds.

For these reasons continuity of service, efficient operation and convenience necessitate the employ of charging apparatus in combination with the receiving set so that removal of the battery with consequent interruption of operation may be avoided. If the only available supply of current is alternating it is necessary to employ a rectifier and associated apparatus, first to reduce the voltage of the circuit and second to convert the alternating current into a current which flows in one direction.

A half wave rectifier, converts the alternating current into a series of half wave pulsations amounting in effect to a flow of direct current. Some transformers reduce the potential of the 119 volt line circuit so that after rectification from ten to fifteen volts are impressed upon the six volt battery. The secondary winding of the transformer has two coils, one of which consists of a few turns of heavy wire for supplying current to the filament, the other coil having a large number of turns for furnishing the battery charging current.

The current flows through the bulb from the plate to the filament during one half cycle, but no current flows during the other half cycle, and consequently a series of unidirectional pulsations of charging current flow through the storage battery.

If the storage battery is connected to the center points of a double pole double throw switch, while the receiver set is connected to one side of the switch and the rectifier to the other side, a convenient and safe arrangement is obtained whereby the receiver is automatically disconnected when the switch is closed between the rectifier and the battery. When the switch is closed in the other direction the battery operates directly on the receiver and the rectifier is disconnected.

It is evident, therefore, that the addition of charging equipment to a receiving set employing vacuum tubes permits the battery to be maintained in a fully charged condition by the application of a daily uninterrupted and efficient service at a charge of short duration, thus securing comparatively small expense.

NEW RADIO RULES

Broadcasting, stripped of difficulties menacing both the industry and millions of listeners, is entering upon an era of efficient and orderly development, according to C. B. Cooper, a member of the National Radio Chamber of Commerce.

"It will take a long while to work out the complete plan devised by the Hoover conference," says Mr. Cooper, "but as it goes into effect, broadcasting should become more and more efficient. One big thing already accomplished is

that American manufacturers can now go ahead with the designing and production of equipment with the knowledge that wave lengths will be below 600 meters, and that broadcasting is headed toward a definite goal.

In this broadcasting plan there is no opportunity for a monopoly of broadcasting wave lengths, because into both Class A and Class B wave length allotments will come arbitrary divisions of time. The wave lengths between 222 and 285 Class B will be scattered throughout the country. Wave lengths between 288 and 545, Class A will be divided into 50 and allotted to the various districts throughout the United States.

"This should create a very high-class service, because it is planned that no two Class B broadcasting stations shall operate on the same wave length at any one time in the entire country. It should be remembered, however, that, while there can be many Class B stations, they will all have specific time allotments and 50 stations will work at once at different wave lengths."

Discussing the influence of the new scheme of wave lengths upon radio at sea, Mr. Cooper says:

"At 300 meters there is a break in the wave length band for marine work. This is an international ship wave length and cannot be changed, but it is recommended that only a minimum of traffic be carried on this wave length between ship and ship and ship and shore."

"At 450 meters there is also a break for marine work, but on this wave length it has been requested that ships remain silent between the hours of 7 and 11 and that later, as fast as ships can be returned, that the working wave of ships be changed to above 600 meters."

"During the Hoover conference it was brought out that spark sets aboard ships create considerable interference, and there has been some discussion about trying to find a way to eliminate spark sets. This, however, must not be done because the present radio law requires the carrying of radio when 50 or more persons are aboard ship and the Government cannot, or at least should not, prohibit the steamships from carrying spark sets, because by so doing they would, as a result of the present patent situation, place steamship companies in a position wherein they would be compelled to resort to one company."

SUPER-HETERODYNE

There are five fundamental methods used to obtain louder signals; (1) Regeneration; (2) Super-regeneration; (3) Radio frequency amplification; (4) Audio frequency amplification; (5) Superheterodyne.

The limitations of each scheme are as follows: (1) Regenerative circuits, when permitted to oscillate, act as small transmitters and create interference for nearby receiving sets; (2) Super-regeneration is not selective and it is difficult to control; (3) Untuned radio frequency amplification by means of transformer coupling does not do justice to all wave lengths and tuned radio frequency amplification requires too many adjustments to tune the various circuits; (4) Audio amplification is limited to two stages; (5) The super-heterodyne is free from the limitations

possessed by other methods of amplifying but is complex in construction. The super-heterodyne is sensitive to weak impulses. It is a sharp tuner, but not critical. It is easy to operate, as it has only two controls.

A super-heterodyne consists chiefly of two parts, a frequency changer and a long wave receiver set. It is based on this reasoning: a radio frequency amplifier will operate easily on long wave lengths but not so on short wave lengths. It was imperative during the World War to devise a method capable of picking up feeble short wave signals used by the Germans in trench, submarine and other communication systems. Thus the super-heterodyne was invented by Major E. H. Armstrong while in France. He studied the problem and decided to receive the short waves and then change them to long waves, making it possible to use efficient long wave radio frequency amplifiers.

The wave changer can be built in an entire separate unit and be as distant from the ordinary receiving set as an audio-amplifier unit. A wave changer consists of a detector tube having two frequencies supplied to it; the frequency of the incoming signal picked up by the antenna; and second, a frequency furnished by a vacuum tube oscillator, called the "heterodyne," which feeds the detector by means of a suitable coupling. The output of the frequency changer has a frequency equal to the difference between the signal frequency and the frequency of the heterodyne oscillator. This difference can be varied by adjusting the heterodyne frequency.

For example if an incoming signal has a wave length of 400 meters or 750 kilo-cycles and the heterodyne tube is adjusted to oscillate at 850 kilocycles, the difference between the two frequencies will be 100 kilocycles. The heterodyne could be adjusted to oscillate at 650 kilocycles and the difference would still be 100 kilocycles, it makes little difference which way it is adjusted. The difference in the two frequencies is impressed upon the intermediate frequency amplifier. The super-heterodyne can be controlled by two adjustments, one for the wave length of the incoming signal and the others to control the frequency of the oscillator tube. One is called the wave length control and the other the frequency changer.

The super-heterodyne is designed to overcome all difficulties of radio frequency amplification at short wave lengths. It converts the frequency of the incoming signal to a value that can be amplified without difficulty.

To operate a super-heterodyne the signal is tuned in just as with any receiving set. The incoming signal is then mixed with a signal coming from the local oscillator tube or heterodyne. The result is a signal of much lower frequency equivalent to a high wave length. This low frequency signal is passed through an intermediate frequency amplifier designed especially for long wave amplification. The signal is then passed on to the loudspeaker and audio frequency amplifier or phone.

Each stage of amplification is shielded, preferably in a metal compartment. It is not necessary to have a top on the compartment. All grid leads must be as short as possible.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER

In 1859 there appeared in New York the largest newspaper on record, measured by size of the sheet. The dimensions were 9 by 6 feet. It was called the Illustrated Quadruple Constellation, and consisted of eight pages. For eight weeks forty persons were busy with its compilation. It was intended by the founders that a copy should be issued every century.

AMERICA'S OLDEST ROAD

The oldest road on the North American continent is the old Spanish road built across Mexico in the sixteenth century. It is shaped like the letter "Y" with the stem starting at Vera Cruz on the Gulf. The northern prong touches the Pacific at San Blas, and the southern tip at Acapulco. Because of the road the westbound convoys from the Philippines were spared the dangerous navigation around Cape Horn. There is still evidence that this old trail was used by the Indians before the Spaniards broadened it from a pack-mule path to a highway.

FALSE TEETH STOLEN WHILE MEN EAT

Contrary to the practice of most persons, Tony Pollock of Chelsea, Mass., takes out his teeth before starting to eat. This habit cost him the loss of a brand new set of false ones while he was eating his dinner in a Chelsea restaurant.

Tony laid the new set of incisors and molars on the table before he started to eat and when he had finished he was overcome by a sense of something missing and found that his teeth had been stolen. Although he had not used them much in the process of Fletcherizing his food Tony feels the loss keenly because of the fact that he paid \$86 for them.

GETTING FIRE FROM COMPRESSED AIR

The inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula have a method of obtaining fire which is probably unique among primitive peoples. They utilize the principle that the compression of air raises its

temperature, one known to every man who has ever pumped up a tire, but one which it is most surprising to find in the possession of a group of aborigines.

A tiny pump of wood, hardly more than three inches in length and with a bore of about half an inch, is used. This pump is open at one end, closed at the other. In it fits closely a plunger equipped with a round knob at one end and a piston-like expansion at the other. The piston end of the plunger is dipped in tinder, which the native carries in a moth's cocoon, which makes an absolutely water-tight container. The piston is placed in the pump and the knob struck sharply. The compression of air raises the temperature to such a degree that the tinder is ignited and when the piston is withdrawn it is found to be glowing. The native blows on the glowing mass, inserts it into his ready-laid fuel, and presto! he has his fire.

This method is quicker by far than the friction method used by most primitive races.

LAUGHS

Lady (at piano)—They say you love good music. Youth—Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.

History Prof—Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages? Wise Fresh—Because there were so many knights.

"Has your daughter a voice that could help in the choir?" Mother—Mercy, yes. When she's out of humor, you can hear her talkin' for half a square.

Teacher—Now who can tell me what political economy is? Mike (embryo Tammany statesman)—Gittin' the most votes for the least money.

"There is too much system in this school business!" growled Tommy. "Just because I snickered a little, the monitor turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to paw!" "Was that all?" "No; paw turned me over his knee!"

Teacher—Last Sunday, dear child, we read about Joseph and Pharaoh. What was done to Joseph? Tommy—He was made to sit on the roof. "Why, Tommy, what do you mean by such nonsense?" "Well, you read that Pharaoh set Joseph over his house."

Wife—George, I want to see that letter. Husband—What letter, dear? Wife—That letter you just opened. I know by the handwriting it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. Hand it here, sir! Husband—Here it is, dear. It is from your dressmaker.

A sharp boy in Grangetown walked into a grocer's shop. "Please, sir," he said to the proprietor, "mother told me to ask you whether there is such a thing as a sugar trust." "Of course there is," was the answer. "Well, then, mother wants to be trusted for two pounds."

BRIEF BUT POINTED

WINDOW WASHER BUYS \$100,000 BUILDING

Tanke Martivi Soklowski of Newark, N. J., stopped washing windows long enough to buy a \$100,000 apartment house, and then took his mop and bucket and went back to work.

Soklowski came to this country twelve years ago. He has a wife and four children and works for the Washington Window Cleaning Company. He bought the fashionable Clintonia Apartment, No. 884-886 South 14th street, Newark, and paid down \$15,000. The building is a four-story, sixteen-family structure with a marble entrance.

This is the second apartment house in the Soklowski family. Four years ago his wife bought the six-family house in which they live with their four children at No. 750 Hunterdon street. The price was \$15,000 and she paid \$4,000 down.

"We both work," Mrs. Soklowski said. "My husband is never sick. He never smokes, drinks or goes to the movies. He works all day and many times at night. That is all."

THE COWRY

The cowry or cowrie is a species of mollusk, some of which are very familiar as decorative objects and as gurnishing a medium of exchange with uncivilized peoples. The shell is more or less of an oval form, and is usually thick, polished and beautifully colored. The young shells are more typically snail-like, but in the adults the large last whorl more or less conceals the others and has its outer lip bent in toward the inner. The animal has a broad head, and protrudible proboscis, eyes associated with the long horns, and a broad foot protruded through the elongated aperture. The mantle or skin fold which forms the shell, as in other mollusks, extends over the whole or most of the surface, and thus conceals during life what gives the dead shells half their charm. The cowry is a sluggish creature, creeping slowly on rocks and coral reefs. A cowry found in the Maldiv Islands was long used as currency, and is still so used in Africa. In Siam over 6,000 cowries were required to make a tical, worth 50 cents of our money. Cowries are frequently used in England as counters in games of chance, and have also had their share in later days in the conchological craze, and small fortunes have been spent in gathering that wealth of varied colors which a good "cowry cabinet" displays.

ABOUT A NEEDLE

It may surprise a good many to learn that no fewer than twenty-two separate processes are required to make the tiny steel needle familiar to every one, but the fact gives one an idea of the perfection to which its manufacture has been brought. A needle of the time of Queen Victoria's

accession and a comparison of the one made to-day shows what strides the industry has made, and what patience and inventiveness have been brought to bear upon it. A thick, badly-shaped shaft, white in color, with an irregular point, a head much larger than the body of the object, and a roughly-drilled circular eye; such was the needle with which the seamstress of 1837 had to sew. The modern needle is fine, with an evenly-tapered point, a head no wider than the shaft, an eye perfectly smooth inside and well shaped, and a polish like glass, so that it slips easily through the material sewn. To understand to what a pitch of perfection needle making has been brought, one has only to examine the "calyx-eyed" needle, one of the latest developments of the article. As it is threaded through a slit in the top of the head instead of in the ordinary way, there must be sufficient elasticity to allow the thread to pass into the eye without being frayed or cut, and at the same time the sides of the head must be capable of springing together again so as to prevent the cotton from slipping out after the needle is threaded. It is evident that to ensue elasticity the needle must be tempered with the greatest regularity; and extreme care has to be taken to make the sides of the slit perfectly smooth, so that the thread will not be cut while passing through it.

SUGAR FROM DAHLIAS

Scientific investigators years ago discovered that the beet contained a considerable content of sugar. Since then the raising of sugar beets has grown to be quite an industry. Now science has discovered that the dahlia, which has been cultivated in a large variety of beautiful colored blossoms, also contains a large content of sugar that is sweeter than the sugar of cane or beets. Flower gardeners have long prized the dahlia as a thing of beauty. Now medical science prizes it as a thing of joy for patients suffering from diabetes.

Diabetes patients are known to have an insatiable longing for sweet things which are dangerous to their health. Saccharin has been the only sweet allowed those suffering from diabetes, and it is thought that this form of sweet is injurious to the digestive organs. The sugar obtained from the roots of dahlias is half again as sweet as cane or beet sugar and does not harm the patient. Statistics show that there are almost 1,000,000 persons suffering from diabetes in this country, so that the discovery of dahlia sugar is second in importance only to the discovery of insulin.

It is said that flowers on the dahlia plants detract from the amount of sugar contained in the roots, so it would seem improbable that the dahlia may be made to serve the dual purpose of being a beautiful decoration and at the same time serve is the more utilitarian capacity as a producer of medicinal sugar.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

WORLD'S STRONGEST X-RAY TO TREAT CANCER

Cancer, most insidious of diseases and one that has defied medical science for generations, is to be again attacked, this time by Dr. Lewis Friedman, with an X-Ray of 250,000 volts. Doctor Friedman is a noted radiologist and cancer specialist and holds forth great hope for success in his new experiments. He says that the rays from his machine are identical with some radium rays, and by its use hopes to make progress in the fight to drive out the cancer scourge. So far he has obtained very favorable results with the powerful ray, and has announced that in a far advanced case which he had treated he had reduced one dimension of an internal abdominal cancer three-quarters of an inch, using the extremely high voltage of 250,000. Radium has been tried on a number of patients and in many cases a fair degree of success attended the efforts, but Doctor Friedman hopes to accomplish even more with his new machine.

WHEN GREENWICH VILLAGE WAS A HEALTH RESORT

One hundred years ago Greenwich Village was chiefly known as one of the best health resorts on Manhattan Island. Tea rooms, artists' studios and Italian restaurants along Macdougall street were too far in the future to be dreamed of. It was the yellow fever scourge of 1822 which gave an impetus to a building movement in the Greenwich locality with the result that within a few years the little settlement north of Canal street came to be regarded as an integral part of the city.

One of its well-known thoroughfares, Bank street, which to-day retains a great deal of its early private home characteristics, acquired its name from those yellow fever days. Many of its banking offices in the lower part of the city moved to temporary quarters on or near what became known as Bank street, and for several months it was an important financial centre. One of the early chroniclers says in describing the uptown migration in 1822: Saturday, the 24th of August, our city presented the appearance of a town besieged. From daybreak till night one line of carts containing boxes, merchandise and effects was seen moving toward Greenwich Village and the upper parts of the city. Carriages and hacks, wagons and horsemen were scouring the streets and filling the roads; persons with anxiety strongly marked on their countenances and with hurried gait were hustling through the streets. Temporary offices and stores were erecting, and even on the ensuing day, Sunday, carts were in motion and the saw and hammer busily at work. Within a few days the Custom House, the Post Office, the banks, the insurance offices and the printers of newspapers located themselves in the village or in the upper part of Broadway.

It was also recorded during this period that a citizen one Saturday night saw corn growing at

the present corner of West Fourth and Eleventh streets and on Monday morning a large frame house had been erected there.

So necessary had these periodical removals to Greenwich Village become that in 1803 the Merchants' National Bank, soon after its organization, purchased several lots on the west side of Hudson street, between Horatio and Jane streets, and erected a banking house costing about \$16,000. It was occupied during the epidemic of 1803 and again in 1805 and several times thereafter. After 1832 the scourges, which had devastated the city for so long a period, gradually died out as the result of better methods for conserving health and in 1944 the bank, having no further use for its uptown home, sold the property.

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When it is going to rain, the solid particles gather in round clusters, and when snow is coming white flakes appear, while if hail is on the way, the entire mixture becomes viscous.

These auguries are so accurate that farmers for miles around telephone the owner of the magic bottle when they wish to make certain that their crops will not be damaged by another day's delay in the fields.

The French Academy of Science is sending a committee of chemists to study the strange vial, but the farmer says he will not permit it to be opened.

A similar bottle owned by the man's grandfather burst with a loud report forty years ago when a September hail-storm was followed by a snowfall that turned into a light drizzle.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

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PERSONAL—Continued

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